

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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INSEPARABLES ON HOLIDAY: QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH HER FAVOURITE JAPANESE SPANIEL AND HER CAMERA, ON THE DECK OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In an American periodical I find a discussion of what is called the "slump" in poetry. There is an immense curiosity in the American character; but apparently few readers are curious to know how a man expresses himself in verse. Various reasons are assigned for this. One poet who had some renown years ago—Joaquin Miller, whose Muse abode in the Sierras—says the "slump" is owing to the dictionaries. Malison on the head of Dr. Johnson, whose "dixionary" was given to Miss Barbara Pinkerton's pupils when they left school! There are fifty thousand words in Johnson. But that was only the beginning of the mischief. The latest American dictionary contains three hundred thousand. I gather from Mr. Miller that American poets try to use them all, and perish in the attempt. The public likes to think of Niagara, and unimaginable tons of water going over the Falls every minute; but the Niagara of words—no! Poe's tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells! may have satisfied any craving for verbal cataracts; at any rate, much as bigness is esteemed in America, the big vocabulary in poetry, according to Mr. Miller, is fatal to glory.

Charlotte Brontë explained to her sisters on a memorable occasion that beauty in the heroines of fiction was played out, and that the plain and homely little Jane was going to take the cake. And yet there are novelists who still think that hyperbole of the heroine's charms is a valuable asset. In a new novel I find this description of the lady: "Had not all the painters, all the sculptors from Phidias down to the unselected classics of our own time, met together, when she rose, a newer Aphrodite from the sea of the unknown? Her loveliness was sweet and intolerable: one ached at it. Cowards shrank from it. Brave men cried for her. There were strange tales!" You can't have anything much taller than that. Shrinking from a beautiful woman, when she dawns upon your gaze, is, you see, a form of cowardice. The truly courageous thing is to keep a stiff upper lip, look her in the eye, and cry aloud, "Be mine!" I commend this course to the enterprising young gentlemen who haunt the Row on Sunday morning, now that Spring is with us, and bringing dazzling loveliness in equally dazzling raiment in her train. I want to see a man stand boldly in front of Aphrodite, and strike his manly chest, while he exclaims: "Goddess, I ache at you!" After that, he had better go home, and end the "slump" in poetry by inditing a rapturous ode in few enough words to please Mr. Joaquin Miller.

The truth is, we all shrink from romance in the most cowardly way. There was a meeting in this town last week, where M. Hugues Leroux delivered a lecture entitled "Love in the North and the South." I gather from a very brief and timid report of it that the lecture dealt with love in the cold Northern lands—Scotland, for instance (I wonder whether M. Leroux is acquainted with the writings of Robert Burns)—and then in the passionate Southern landscapes, where lightning, as Byron remarks, flashes through the veins. It was a tremendous exposition, which seems to have left the audience holding their breath. There was no "slump" in lectures that afternoon, you bet, as they say in Mr. Miller's Sierras. But what a poor, tame echo of M. Leroux's eloquence is permitted to make itself audible! The reporter has to bottle his enthusiasm, and decent a mere drop of it. M. Leroux came over here with the best intentions. He wanted to give the Entente Cordiale a fillip by telling an assemblage of Londoners how the South loves, how they love in Languedoc. Perhaps he was encouraged by reading Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who tells us how they loved in the fifteenth century. But somebody ought to have told M. Leroux that Mr. Hewlett is not read aloud at mothers' meetings. Ah! that lecture. I wasn't there, and miss it sorely. Cowards, who probably enjoyed it much, shrank from reporting it in full for the pleasure of the more deserving.

Instead of that, we get the exceeding dulness with which Mr. Bernard Shaw pursues his campaign against Shakspere. For so clever a man, Mr. Shaw is oddly obtuse. He denies Shakspere everything save the gift of language, and hints pretty broadly that if he, Bernard Shaw, had an equal gift, the Bard would be obliterated. Think of Shaw's philosophy in Shakspere's diction. Fearsome amalgam! Think of Shakspere's humanity shrivelled up into Shaw's paradox. I wonder what M. Leroux would say if anybody thought it worth while to tell him that, according to Mr. Shaw, the author of "Romeo and Juliet" knew nothing about love-making, and Rosalind is a tiresome young woman. Shakspere's unpardonable sin is that he had no "views," cared nothing for factions, and had not heard of vegetarians. That lack of "views" has troubled many controversialists before Mr. Shaw. They could not see that, compared with Shakspere's knowledge, their "doxies" and their "isms" were rather

small beer. But at least they had the discretion not to take to the platform, and upbraid the genius who had overlooked their opinions. In the theatre Mr. Shaw is an amusing person, whose plays hold the attention, although the life in them resembles nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth. But Mr. Shaw on the platform, railing at Shakspere, and telling us that blank verse belongs to a low order of intelligence, is quite as ineffectual, and by no means so funny, as Mr. Joaquin Miller, inveighing against the "dixionary."

M. Rostand ought to know something about words. He has written a poem, a hundred and forty-three stanzas long, to confound the Jacobins who would simplify French orthography. I don't know how many words there are in the beautiful tongue of France; but M. Rostand will not give up any word that has ever been used in French literature, nor even a single letter of it. He pictures himself turning over countless volumes, and revelling in the voluptuous joy of the most intricate spelling. He fondles every word as if it were a precious gem, exquisitely cut—

Oubliant dars mon délire  
L'hamletisme et tous ses maux,  
Je me mis à lire, à lire  
Des mots, des mots, des mots!

Hamletism, i' faith! Here's a new word for Mr. Joaquin Miller to wrestle with in the Sierras. M. Rostand reproaches Hamlet for his fling at "words, words, words," and thinks it a sad proof of his morbid state of mind. Did not Mr. Walkley lament the other day that we know our melancholy Dane too well in all his moods and tenses to get any fresh light upon him? Well, here's a luminous flash of criticism from M. Rostand!

I have been reading an exciting little book, called "Mental Traits of Sex," by a lady who appears to be a professor of philosophy at Chicago University. She has made a series of experiments in her psychological laboratory to test the respective aptitudes of men and women who had received a systematic mental training. They were law students, medical students, school-teachers; and the women were able to beat the men in mathematics and biology. Don't talk any more about woman's incapacity to reason or her tendency to indulge in "a good cry." In that laboratory, she was less emotional than man, less "affectionate and demonstrative," less subject to "illusions and hallucinations." In sheer ability she held her own, and Dr. Helen Thompson is of opinion that if women were trained in all respects like men, there would be nothing to choose in point of capacity between the sexes; even in mechanical ingenuity, in which alone, I gather, man is still uncontestedly superior. You may sniff at all this, and ask what is the good of theorising in a psychological laboratory. Well, here's an illustration pat from a court of law.

Miss Anna Miller (any relation of Joaquin?), head-mistress of a school, was dismissed on some charge gravely affecting her character. She said she was the victim of conspiracy; but no lawyer would take up her case. Did Miss Miller sit down and repine? Did she console herself with a good cry? No; she set to work to study law; in two years she was called to the American Bar; then she brought an action in the Supreme Court, conducted her own case to the admiration of all listeners and beholders, and won it with thumping damages. She is called the American Portia (on purpose to annoy Mr. Shaw, no doubt); but the legal attainments of Shakspere's Portia were acquired in a few hours, and exhibited before a tribunal which knew even less law than she did. In two years Miss Miller mastered all the law that was worth knowing, and used it to such purpose that her learned friends on the other side were confounded. Had Shylock employed counsel, that quibble of Portia's between a pound of flesh and the necessary blood would have been properly shown up. But the whole array of masculine talent and experience, which Miss Miller encountered in the Supreme Court, went down before her bow and spear. Joan of Arc was a successful soldier, not by any craft in the profession of arms, but by her own faith and the adversary's "funk." Miss Miller succeeded by brain and training. Think of it, dream of it, nonchalant man!

The Duke of Manchester ought to think of it. He took the great resolve to learn the railway business in America, with the help of his father-in-law; then he changed his mind, and thought he would rather "attend to his duties in the House of Lords." Does he feel no sense of defeat when he reads the story of Anna Miller? Even if he had given his mind to the railroad, would he have achieved as much in two years as Miss Miller did by her studies of law? I fear the Duke distrusted his powers of application, though he thinks them good enough for the Legislature. Does Mr. Henry James, who created Daisy Miller, once an American type, see all the progress that divides her from the triumphant Anna? You bet he does, if I may quote the Sierras again!

## GREATER BRITAIN AND WAR.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Is it practicable to form an offensive and defensive alliance within the circle of the British Empire? The impediment to Imperial military organisation is Ireland.

The majority of the Irish people, despite the desires of successive British Ministries, would vote for separation to-morrow if the issue were left to them for determination. Ireland, despite Ulster and the succession of remedial measures introduced during a series of years, is hostile to the British connection. Many persons, however, discern a change in the antipathy of the Irish Celt for the Anglo-Saxon Government of the United Kingdom. However this may be, it is certain that if the Irish people were reconciled to the British connection, and took their place as proud partners in the Imperial inheritance, the strength thus added to the Empire would be equivalent to a reinforcement by ten battle-ships and two score battalions of the finest troops in the world. At the present time Ireland, like India and South Africa, is held by the power of the sword.

So long as the enemies of Britain can reckon on the friendship of the majority of the Irish people, just as the enemies of Russia calculate on the sympathies of Poles and Finns, so long must the military union of England with the daughter-nations be relegated to the future as a phantom fancy of political dreamers. The Irish element in Colonial politics is strong enough to prevent either fiscal or military federation until the Irish question is settled.

There is another lion in the path of Imperial Federation for military and fiscal purposes, and that is the paralysis of what is erroneously called the "Imperial" Parliament. It is not the "Imperial" Parliament: it is the Parliament of the United Kingdom, for although the King, on the advice of his Ministers, may veto any Act of Parliament passed by a Colonial Legislature, the exercise of the right in any important case upon which the Colonists had set their minds would be followed by a Declaration of Independence.

The Imperial Parliament is congested beyond belief. Its limbs are paralysed; it has parted with the power of the purse and handed over to the Department of the Treasury and to the Cabinet powers which formerly were exercised from time immemorial by the Commons of England.

Now for the other side of the picture. Assuming that not only the temper but the reason of the majority of Irishmen were satisfied that the ancient quarrel between the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon was arranged, and that the House of Commons recovered its old spirit of jealousy over the expenditure of the taxes, and that a career was open to talent as well as privilege in England, there is no insuperable obstacle to an alliance between the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India. Industrial England, rich in cash, coal, and iron, contributes a Navy; India, economically poor, but rich in men, provides careers for men of the British and Irish race throughout the Empire, and also contributes an unknown number of battalions of the best fighting men of Continental Asia; Canada and Australia cannot contribute much money, many men, or any ships, but they have land, and the arrangements for providing for the surplus population of these overcrowded islands should be reviewed in a spirit wholly different from that which has been displayed in the past. This is what we need for military alliance.

In the event of war our poor would not consent to live on bran or lentils as in 1801. In the Crimean War bread went up to one shilling the quartet loaf, and we were then producing two loaves for every one we imported. Wheat would certainly be made contraband of war if Russia, France, Germany, or America were against us in our next struggle for existence.

The question, therefore, is not so much an economic as a strategic question. In the absence of provision for the future the people of these islands will pay a higher price for their bread in the first week of a naval war than they have paid for one hundred years. If adequate provision were made to suit the existing circumstances there need be no great rise in price. The sudden rise of wheat to 200s. is a certainty within three days if the bulk of the wheat supply is in the hands of enemies or unfriendly neutrals. It is therefore essential to encourage the growth of food stuffs, and any expenditure necessary for that purpose should be debited to the account of Imperial Defence, for it is as necessary for the health and existence of the Empire as the guns of the Navy or the camp at Aldershot.

Although our foreign bread bill costs only about one-fifth our foreign food bill, it is infinitely more important than all the rest of the imported food put together. We think that because great famines are unknown in England that they are against the law of nature.

It is thus clear that peace strategy prescribes that the food supplies for the United Kingdom should exist in friendly hands, and that both food supplies and a strong Navy are necessary to safety in war. Here is the element of self-interest which is the only solid and permanent basis upon which any Imperial military arrangement can take place.

To sum up. The answer to the question, "Is it practicable to form an offensive and defensive alliance within the circle of the British Empire?" is that organised Imperial Defence against foreigners is practicable subject to three conditions—

1. That the Irish difficulty be settled on a permanent basis by a modification of the financial arrangements subsisting between the two countries.

2. That the paralysis of Parliament shall cease by the further devolution of powers to local authorities, thus enabling the Mother of Parliaments to fulfil its main purpose of controlling the public purse, and of devoting itself to Imperial questions.

3. That the creation of food-supplies in friendly hands shall be insured by the payment in time of peace of a small insurance for the purpose of providing cheap food in time of war for the benefit of farmers, labourers, shopkeepers, and artisans at the cost of superfluous lawyers and placemen.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Unionists had their revenge on the Opposition for the various fiscal motions when Mr. Tuff proposed his resolution on Home Rule, inviting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to state definitely whether he was in favour of an Irish Parliament or not. Mr. Tuff contented himself with reciting extracts from speeches of the various Liberal leaders, revealing no very harmonious note on the Irish question. "C.-B.," who was received with cries of "He doesn't run away," declared that he adhered to the views he had expressed for many years. As for the direct interrogatory that had been put to him, he declined to say by what method he would be prepared to carry out the Liberal policy in Ireland. This was, received with ironical cries of "Who runs away now?" The Leader of the Opposition devoted the rest of his speech to twitting the Government with their attitude towards "devotion" and Sir Antony MacDonnell.

Mr. Redmond declared that the position of the Irish Party was unchanged. They denied the moral validity of the Act of Union; and if insurrection could have any chance of success, he would urge it upon his countrymen. But they were still prepared to accept a compromise on the basis of the Bills of 1886 and 1893 as a settlement of the account between the two nations.

Mr. Balfour said that the right honourable gentleman opposite had evaded the issue because he knew that an explicit statement of his views would be repudiated by colleagues who sat near him. If the Liberals came into office after the General Election with a majority independent of the Irish, nothing more would be heard of Home Rule. But if they were dependent on the Irish members for their majority, then they would raise once more the cry of justice to Ireland. No division was taken on the motion, as the Speaker refused to accept the closure on a debate that had lasted only an hour and a half.

## THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

At the time of writing the interest in the war centres entirely in the proceedings of Rozhdestvensky's fleet, and in the question when and where the decisive battle will be fought. If the opinions of the naval world are worth anything that battle will not have been fought when this article is in the hands of its readers. On the other hand, we have already seen too often the reckless manner in which the Russian commanders have thrown away their chances, and therefore, all indications to the contrary, the Easter holidays may be marked by some ill-conceived and desperate undertaking foreign to all preconceived notions of naval strategy.

The points of importance are, first, that the rival fleets are not ill matched at their nominal and paper strength; secondly, that Rozhdestvensky's purpose is to go to Vladivostok; thirdly, Togo's desire is to smash him up before he gets there. It is evident that, these factors being considered, it will be to the Japanese Admiral's advantage to fight his battle as near home as possible, and at the same time to make sure of meeting his adversary by remaining in the vicinity of the port for which that enemy is making. Thus everything points to the battle being fought in the Sea of Japan, and at his present rate of progress Rozhdestvensky can hardly get there before the early days of May.

On the other hand, it may be that the Japanese will endeavour to harass and worry their enemy during his long voyage to the north. To do this, however, means the possession of bases within striking distance of the line of route, a line of route which, of course, is within the choice of the Russian commander. Why should he place himself in jeopardy when, by taking a course to the eastward past the Philippines and outside the Japanese Islands, he may reduce the risks to a minimum? It would surely be the height of folly to choose the passage inside Formosa or through the Tsu-Shima Channel, seeing that by taking such a course he would be diminishing his chances of success by every mile traversed.

An important point to be considered is the harassing of the Russians by Japanese cruisers. As regards this matter it seems most unlikely that Togo would weaken his battle fleet by detaching his armoured vessels, which he must need for the final struggle. There remain, of course, his protected cruisers and his improvised war auxiliaries. But these are exactly the same class of vessels with which Rozhdestvensky is well provided; and although, therefore, it would not be surprising to hear of actions between such vessels taking place—in the same way that on land we hear of affairs between outposts and skirmishes between scouts—these can have, whatever their result, no material effect upon the ultimate outcome of Rozhdestvensky's enterprise.

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SOUTH KENSINGTON

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FRED. J. DUNN, General Manager.

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FOR THE

## DEAF AND DUMB POOR.

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320 Children can be accommodated. The children are fed, clothed, and educated free of cost to their parents. New annual subscriptions are much needed.

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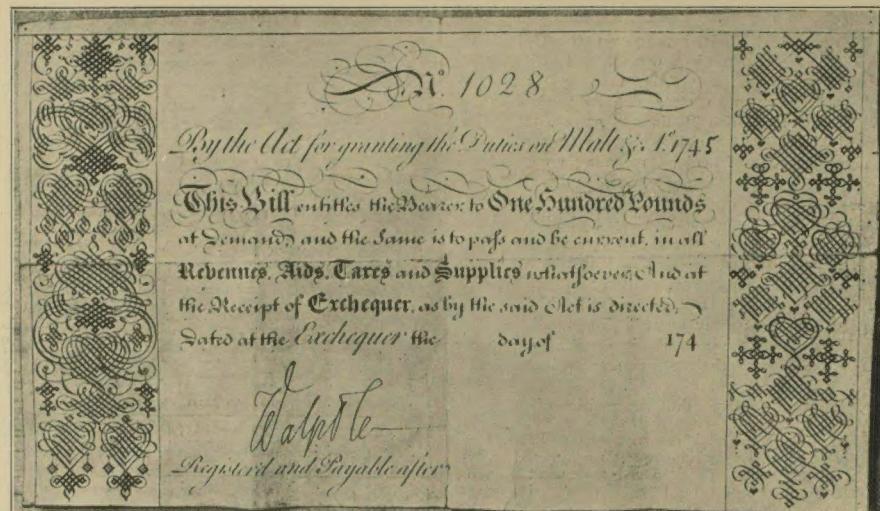
## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

After being delayed at Port Mahon by heavy weather, the royal yacht with the King and Queen on board arrived at Palma on April 12. During the afternoon of the same day their Majesties landed and went for a drive, their carriage being accompanied by all the local authorities. During the drive their Majesties visited the Town Hall, where they were received by the Mayor; and the Cathedral, where they were welcomed by the Bishop. The Castle of Bellver was also included in the drive. On the following day there was a motor-car excursion to several Majorcan villages, including Soller, where the municipality entertained their Majesties at luncheon. On April 16 the King and Queen arrived off Algiers, and his Majesty went ashore to return the Governor-General's visit of welcome.

Speaking at the Liberal Union Club, Mr. Chamberlain laid stress upon Mr. Balfour's celebrated "half-sheet of notepaper," and urged that it practically embraced the objects of the Tariff Reformers. They did not aim at the protective taxation of food, and had no desire to impose any duties that would raise the prices of native products. At a subsequent conference of the Tariff Reform members of Parliament, it was agreed to submit this summary of the case to Mr. Balfour as a basis of unity, on the understanding that if an Imperial Conference should be summoned in obedience to a mandate from the constituencies, its deliberations should not be fettered. The Duke of Devonshire, addressing the Unionist Free Trade League, maintained that taxation which was not called protective might still be protective in character and effect. As for the "freedom of action" which Mr. Balfour claimed for the country in its commercial dealings with other Powers, the Duke complained that the Prime Minister had given no inkling of the manner in which such freedom should be used.

At the annual dinner of the LORD ROSEBERRY AND Liberal League, Lord Rosebery, replying to Sir Henry HOME RULE. Campbell-Bannerman's speech on the Home Rule question in the House of Commons, said that broad generalities about "principles" would not do, and that the Opposition must tell the country plainly what they will do, and what they believed could not be done. He intimated that no policy was likely to satisfy Ireland, but the Liberal party must pursue a statesmanlike course without any hope of gratitude. It is evidently Lord Rosebery's belief that a Liberal Government will not propose an Irish Parliament. The leaders will not ask the constituencies for a mandate to do this, and they are not likely to raise such an issue in the next House of Commons without consulting the electors.

THE SWEDISH- NORWEGIAN CONFLICT. In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Björnsterne Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, says: "to read the account of the Swedish - Norwegian conflict written by Dr. Nansen from a point of view exclusively Norwegian, and then to read that which Doctor Sven Hedin has written from a point of view exclusively Swedish, is to travel first with the former to the North Pole and then with the latter into Central Asia. For the foreigner, Mr. Björnson says, the conflict can have no interest except from a European standpoint. Europe has to do only with the *rapprochement* of the three countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, inhabited by nine millions of the Teutonic race, by no means the worst of its representatives, who would form a respectable defensive force and constitute a good ally. With their consolidation Europe is intimately concerned. For the present rupture,



A FORTUNE BY COMPOUND INTEREST? A TREASURY BILL OF 1745 PRESENTED ON APRIL 13, 1905.  
This uncancelled bill for £100, signed "Walpole," was presented at the Bank of England on April 13, and the presenter, Mr. Louis, was referred to the Treasury. It is certainly genuine, and if it was issued, as is supposed, at 3 per cent. compound interest, it should be worth about £20,000.



A £400 ORCHID EXHIBITED AT THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S HALL.

The *Odontoglossum crispum Harryanum*, var. *King Edward*, here figured, was exhibited by Messrs. Sander and Sons, St. Albans, and is a hybrid of the *Odontoglossum crispum*, blotched variety, and the *Harryanum*.

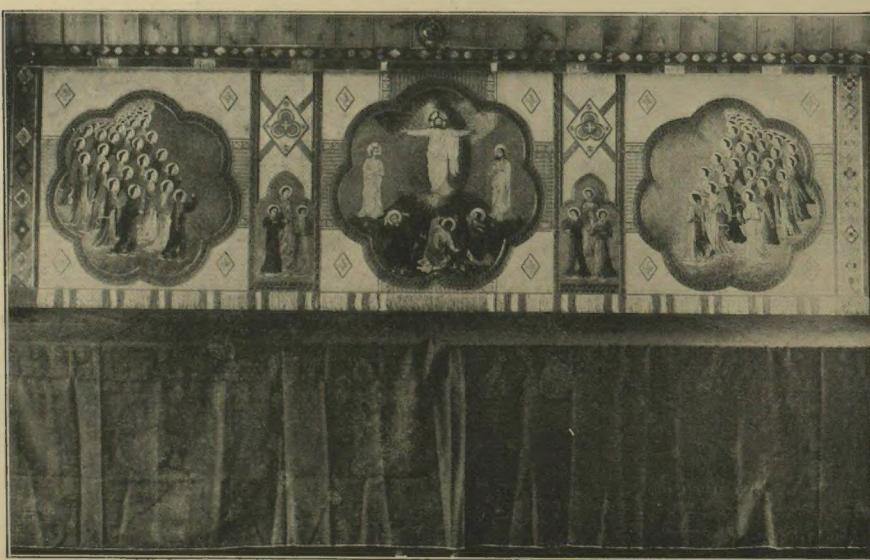
Dr. Björnson blames both Sweden and Norway. Sweden, he says, should have taken the initiative towards real instead of nominal union, but it has constantly opposed Norwegian independence. Nearly a century has passed since the creation of the Union, and politically the two countries are more widely separated than ever. This, the novelist points out, is small encouragement to the Danes to join them. The three peoples are threatened by only one common danger—Russia's desire for political expansion. Without any political union, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark would certainly stand shoulder to shoulder to resist Russian aggression, but it might be useful to have a defensive alliance. This is perceived by Norwegians and Danes, but the Swedes do not generally desire it. They are without the parliamentary spirit, they are slower, and less advanced than the Norwegians in what concerns political forms. This, according to Björnson, is the root of the dissension. He believes that a union on the model of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is probably out of date, since we have to-day other conceptions as to the rights of national individuality and the conditions of sound development than those obtained in the days when these treaties of "perpetual alliance" were concluded.

FRANCE AND THE  
ANGLO-JAPANESE  
ALLIANCE.

The first period of the Alliance between England and Japan will expire next year, and the question of a possible renewal is being canvassed in France with becoming discretion and delicacy. As far as official opinion can be ascertained, it is not altogether favourable to a renewal; for France fears that Japan may eventually spur China and other Asiatic Powers to action. She would like to see a European bulwark set up against the Yellow Peril. Since the war there has grown up in France a distrust if not a dread of Japan, and French politicians doubt whether England has much to gain by a continuance of the alliance. One of the main reasons, it has been pointed out, why Japan should be left in isolation is that she may form a *contre-coup* to India, and may draw the Indian youth to the schools of Tokio. For their own part, the French are nervous about their possessions in Indo-China, and they fear that the descent of a Japanese force might upset the political stability of Tonkin, and lead to a general insurrection. Of course, if the alliance is renewed, France will not depart from her hitherto irreproachable attitude by any hostile comment, but these outlines of her views on the possibilities of the situation have their own significance, and may cause our own Foreign Office at least to think, if not furiously.

MR. CHOATE'S  
DEPARTURE.

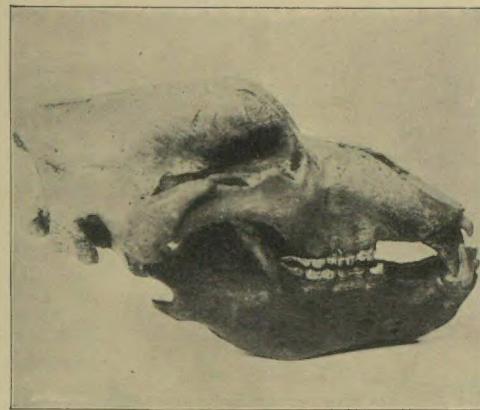
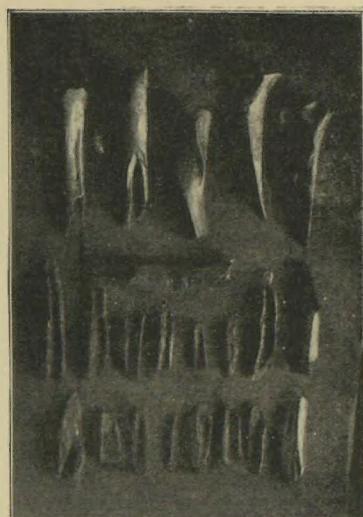
In view of Mr. Choate's approaching departure, the Ambassador was entertained at dinner by the Bench and Bar of England. The dinner was held on the evening of April 14, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and the Lord Chancellor occupied the chair. Lord Halsbury proposed the health of the guest of the evening, and remarked that the modern idea of diplomacy was not that of force and duplicity, but of publicity and justice, and of the latter theory. Mr. Choate was an apostle. His Excellency had shown in the performance of his difficult duty that he represented the best type of Ambassador, and he took with him the universal respect and affection of a kindred nation. Mr. Choate, in replying, described the occasion as a veritable professional love feast. They were undisturbed by the profane presence of laymen, no troublesome affairs of clients could distract them there; they were all lawyers except the Judges, and they too were lawyers who had soared in ascension robes to a higher and nobler sphere. He thanked the company most heartily for their reception, and declared that his task in office had not brought him the diplomatic difficulties to which the Lord Chancellor referred. From the day of his arrival it had been made absolutely easy by the spirit in which he had been received.



EIGHT YEARS' WORK BY AN INVALID: AN EMBROIDERED ALTAR-PIECE FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.  
This altarpiece is the work of Mrs. Wyatt, an invalid lady who resides at the Parsonage, Hawley. The embroidery occupied eight years.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BEAR-CAVE.

THE SKULL OF THE LARGEST AMONG THE SKELETONS OF BEARS  
DISCOVERED IN THE CAVE.

BONES PROVING THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN CAVE-DWELLERS.

Professor Dr. L. K. Moser, of Trieste, sends us these curious photographs of a cavern near Nabresina, where skeleton remains of bears have recently been discovered. The place where the cave is situated is called the Red Field of Aussen. It is entered by a narrow aperture in the rock and opens into a small hall lit by a crevice. The explorers worked by acetylene lamps. In the cave is a remarkable white stalagmite named "Istis." The smaller bone fragments shown proved the presence at one time of human cave-dwellers, but whether they were contemporary with the bears is not known.



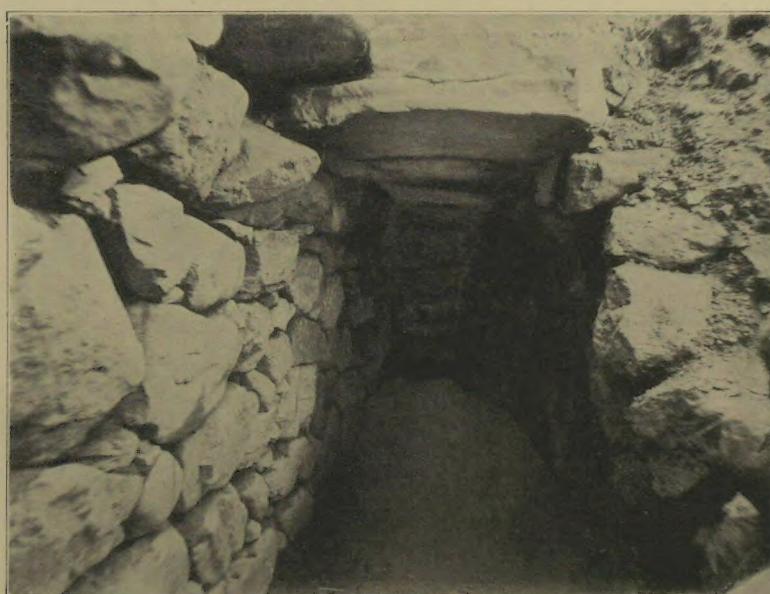
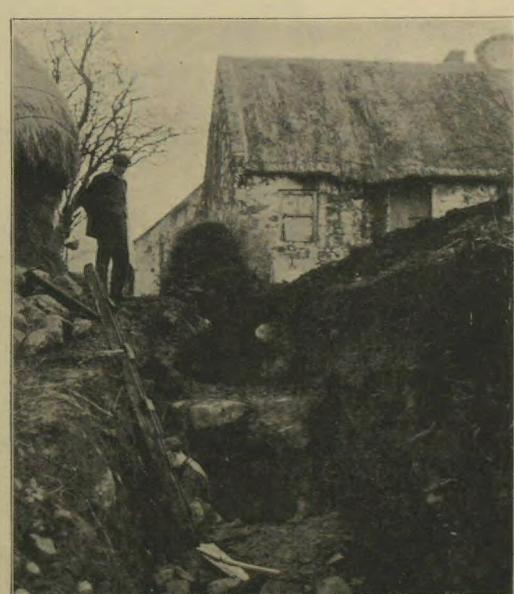
WALTHEOF OR STIGAND?



SEPELICHAL RELICS.

SAXONS' BONES: INTERESTING REMAINS AND RELICS AT WINCHESTER.

Half-a-dozen human skeletons have been discovered in the grounds of High House, Winchester, by workmen who were preparing to erect children's swings. The place is the reputed scene of the death of the Thane Waltheof, the last of the Saxon nobles, and of Archbishop Stigand. The complete skeleton here shown must have been that of a man of 6ft. 4in. or 6ft. 6in. The metal remains are fragments of a dagger, two spear-heads, a silver twisted ring, a portion of a buckle, and an iron ferrule for a spear.

INTERIOR OF SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING, SHOWING A MANHOLE  
LEADING INTO FURTHER ROOMS.EXTERIOR OF THE DWELLING, SHOWING SMALL CHAMBER ABOVE,  
AND A LARGE ONE BEHIND.

THE FIND OF PRE-CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES IN IRELAND: SUBTERRANEAN DWELLINGS IN ANTRIM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YOUNG, BALLYMENA.

During some excavations at Markstown, Culleybackey, County Antrim, a couple of large cavities, believed to have been subterranean dwellings before the Christian era, were discovered. They were built of unknown stones, and their entrances were made very narrow to ensure defence. The dwellings consisted of a series of chambers 20 feet long and 5 feet high, and they were always cunningly concealed among thick growths of bracken. It has been suggested that the inhabitants' sudden disappearances into these retreats gave rise to the legend of fairies.



THE SCENE OF THE COLLAPSE : A GENERAL VIEW.



SAPPERS ENGAGED IN RESCUE-WORK.



IN THE RESERVOIR AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.



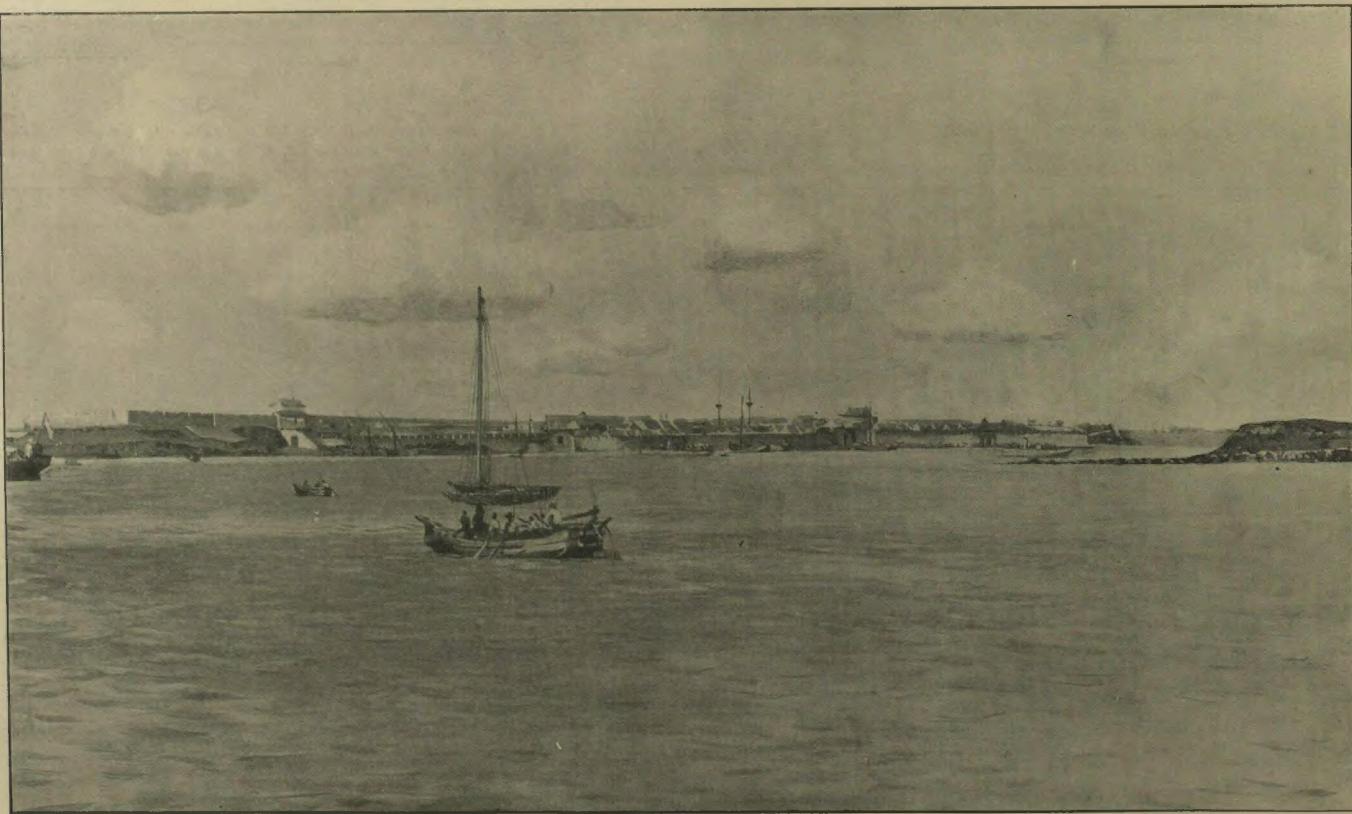
LISTENING FOR SOUNDS OF THE ENTOMBED : FIREFMEN RESCUERS AT WORK.

## THE RESERVOIR CATASTROPHE IN SPAIN : THE MADRID DISASTER THAT COST 400 LIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MUÑOZ BARN.

On April 8 one of the vaults of the third Isabella II. Reservoir, intended to supply the Isabella II. Canal, fell in, burying at least 400 workmen. The King and his Ministers hurried to the scene of the disaster, and his Majesty personally superintended the rescue-operations. Men employed in the works have asserted that the calamity was inevitable, as they were compelled to build too quickly, and with very defective material. The area of the collapse measured 300 yards by 150 yards.

The Fort.



The Town.

The Port Entrance.

TOGO'S NEW NAVAL BASE FOR HIS OPERATIONS AGAINST THE BALTIC FLEET: MA-KUNG, IN THE PESCADORES ISLANDS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The anchorage is at the south-western end of Pong-hau, the largest of the Pescadores Islands, which lie between Formosa and the mainland of China. Ma-kung Harbour is much confined by coral reefs, but can accommodate vessels of large draught, the best of the anchorage having forty-eight feet of water. It is sheltered against typhoons. The southern point of the entrance is called Chimney Point, and from it the harbour runs three miles eastwards. The town of Ma-kung is fortified, and the approaches to the harbour are difficult for the navigator who is unacquainted with shoals and reefs.

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ROZHDESTVENSKY: THE WATCHERS OF THE CHINA SEAS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES J. DE LACY.

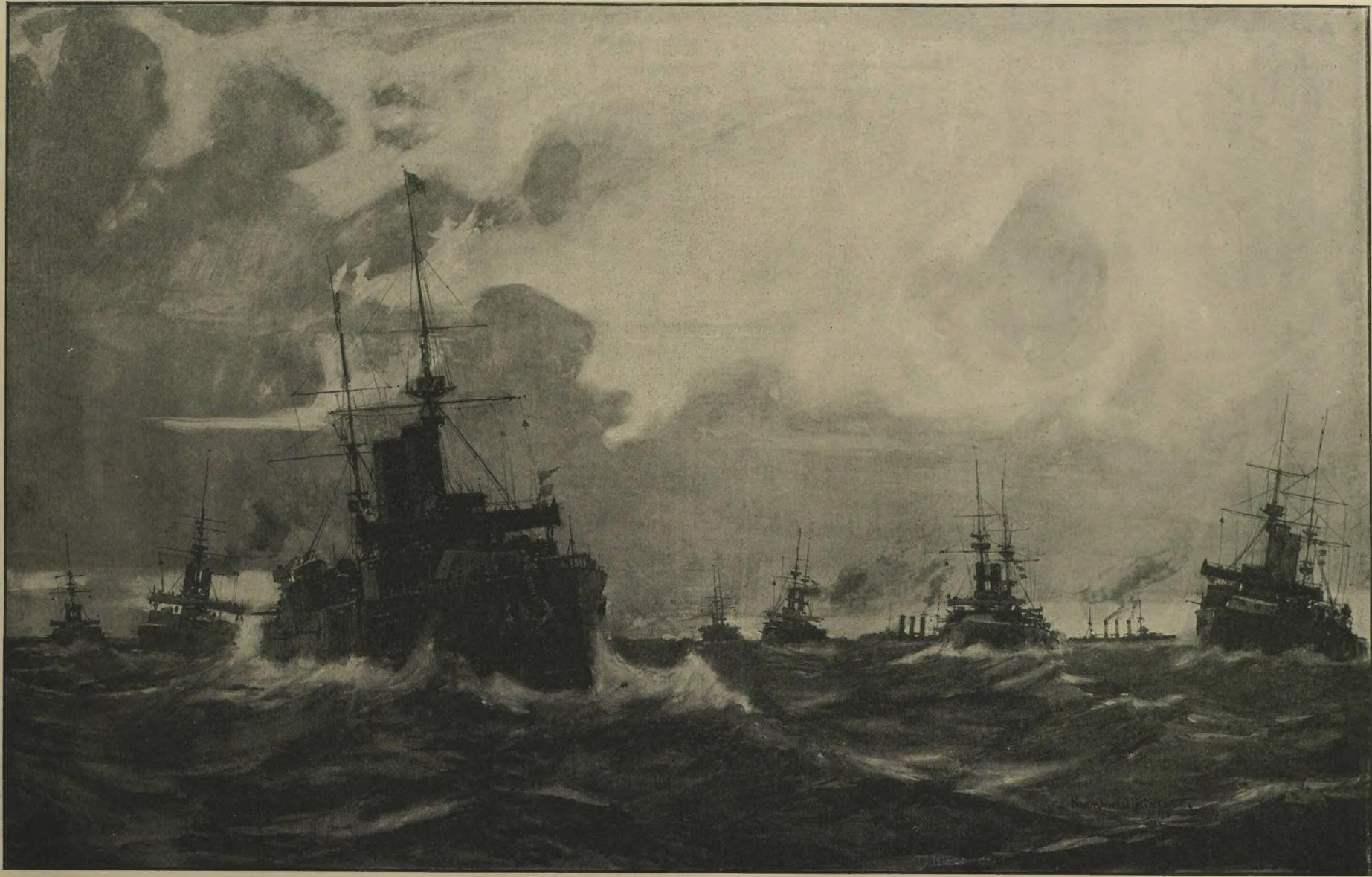


JAPANESE CRUISERS AND TORPEDO-BOATS SCOUTING FOR THE BALTIC SQUADRON.

*With the approach of the Baltic Squadron the state of feeling in Japan resembled that in Elizabethan England when the Spaniard was threatening our coast. Consciously so, indeed, for the Tokio newspapers have been talking of the coming of the Armada. The parallel is entirely in favour of the Japanese, for, although their numbers are smaller, the speed and fine handling of their ships promised them an advantage akin to that possessed by the eighty handy craft with which Howard, Drake, and Hawkins accounted for the hundred and thirty unwieldy galleons of the Spaniard.*

UNITED IN FRIENDSHIP 100 YEARS AFTER TRAFALGAR: THE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS TO VISIT FRANCE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



Magnificent.

Illustrious.

King Edward VII.

Jupiter.

Prince George.

County Cruiser.

Majestic.

County Cruiser.

Commonwealth.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE REVIEW AT BREST: THE BRITISH VISITING SQUADRON.

*The friendly bonds uniting France and Great Britain will be drawn yet closer by the visit of a British squadron to French waters, and by the return visit later in the year of a French squadron to Spithead. The British war-ships detailed for this pleasant duty are representative of the latest advance in naval construction, and the chief vessel is the splendid "King Edward VII," the largest battle-ship afloat.*

# THE TENANCY OF LOCH MUCK.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

IT was the time of the Loch Muck Great Drainage that the matter happened, and it was all in regard of the same drainage that the case come about.

Of course, yous all mind the Loch Muck Great Drainage? If yous don't, yous must have been dead or out of the world afore it happened.

Ye know that the Loch—Loch Muck—was in them days one of the biggest and best fishing lakes in all of the North-West of Ireland. And, by them that knew the proper flies to use, there could be trout taken out of that lake the size of small sucking-pigs. It had in it, moreover, the small char trout that's thought so much of, and that's so rare to be found in our waters. It was the great resort, at that time of the year, for gentry from London, and England, and all parts of the world. It was a purty odd thing, too, that, though it was in the middle of the barest and hardest barony in the County Donegal—a barony that, elsewhere, every acre would starve a snipe—the lands around Loch Muck, itself, that went sloping down to the waters, were as sweet and kindly, and grew as good crops, and fattened as fine calves as you'd maybe find in the richest county in Ireland.

But by reason the land was so good, the farms were very, very small, and every man had a struggle to live, and maybe would not live at all at all, only he had the outrun of the mountains above for rearing sheep.

Now, the landlord of the lands of Loch Muck he was one Major Monteith—a right ingenious sort of a lad entirely. And, as the Loch lay upon high ground, among the uplands of Curraghmoan, and as it had, moreover, a beautiful bottom of the richest of black

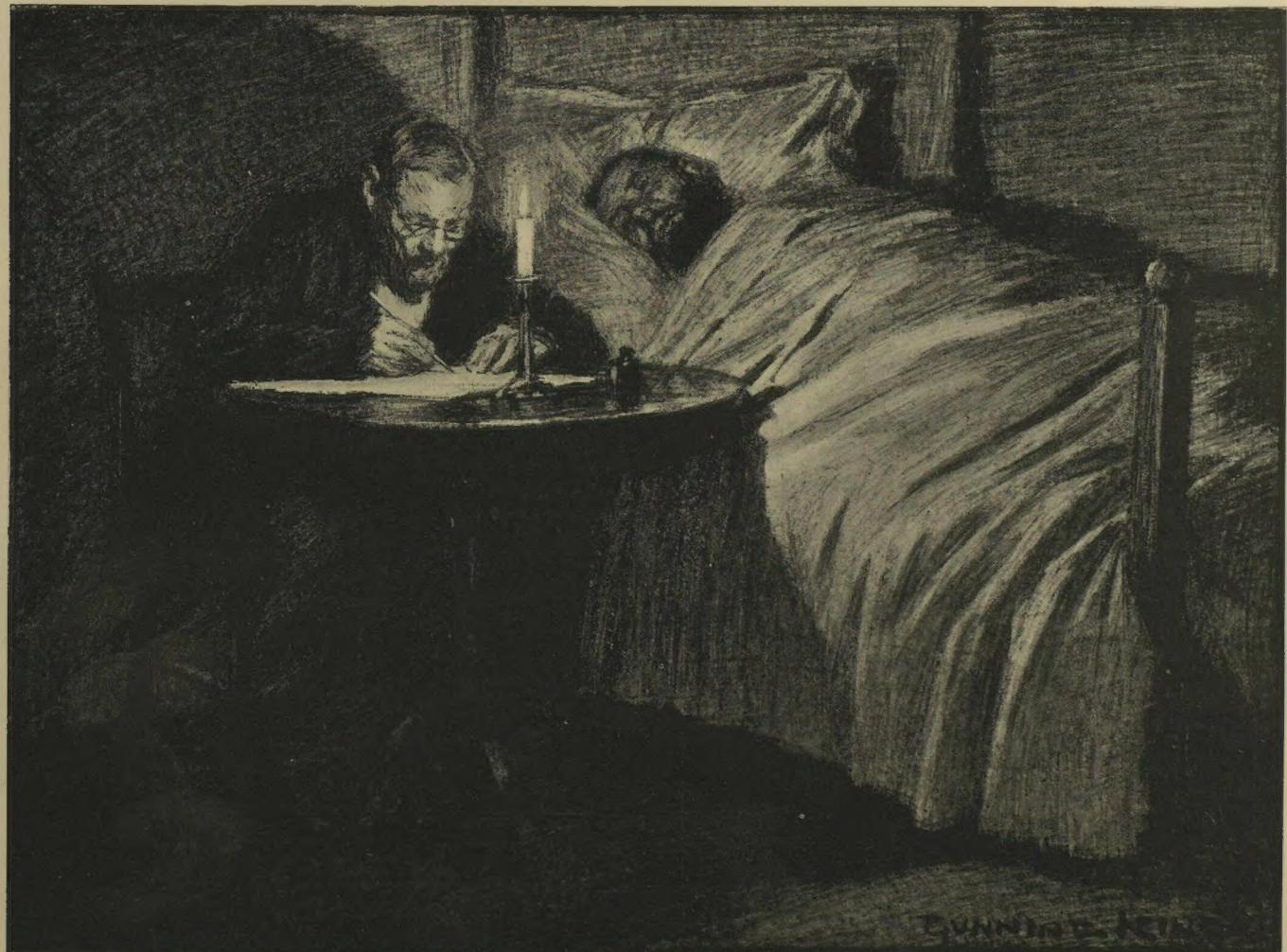
clay, the Major he conceived the idea of draining the Loch clean away, and dividing up its bottom among his tenants—every man's farm to run in till they all met in the centre. And he called a meeting of the tenants and explained the plan to them, and asked them to co-operate with him; every man to do his share of the work and bear his share of the expense—which expense would be light, seeing that, as he planned it, nine-tenths of the work could be done by themselves—and, in return, every man, as I said, was to get a share of the Loch bottom, consenting, at the same time, to bear a small raise of rent in regards to the extra acres.

Well and good. That fared well. And the tenants, too, though they were a bit jubious at first, caught on to the idea when they had talked it over, and got as enthusiastic about it as the Major's heart could wish. As soon as their own work was over, and the winter had set in, every man and boy of them was on the ground, with his spade in his fist, or a shovel or a pick, and cutting away a road for the water to run, under the personal supervision and direction of the Major. And slave like niggers in troth they did, every man Jack of them, both that winter and the next. And by the time the end of the second winter came round, lo and behold ye! ye couldn't get as much water in Loch Muck as would wash your pocket-handkercher, if you had one; for, to the wonder of the world and the countryside, the whole Loch was drained away, out and out, and only a little bit of a stream trickling down through the centre of the district, hardly enough to serve a Still-house.

And then when all things were ready to divide up the land among them that reclaimed it, what do you think did the Major do but go and die, and let his whole estate, including Loch Muck, go into Chancery. The poor tenantry, who had little logic and less law, set about dividing up the reclaimed lands among themselves. And peaceably and agreeably and satisfactorily they were doing it, till the devil tempted some begrudging individual—an outsider—to send a letter to the Court of Chancery about it; and a couple of the woolly-headed chaps there sent down an order forbidding the tenants, under all sorts of pains and penalties, to take what was their own, or to divide up the land, that they themselves, as it were, created with the pick and the shovel, and the sweat of their brows. And them that opened their mouths in wonder at this order—and it was few who didn't—had not them closed again when a second order came down on the heels of it to say that the court was going to sell the reclaimed lands—put them up for auction on a certain date named, and give the tenantry a chance to purchase, and pay the piper for land that belonged to them as rightly and surely as the bend of their own elbows.

And that was the play, then!

The poor people they were consternated, and it's well they might be so; for they used to have a notion, up till that, that law was something to protect the rights of the people; but now it was as plain to them as a monument that the law was something meant only to rob them of their rights. And they seen that they were now going to be robbed of their very teeth,



Dr. McGaffey was earning his fee.

under their own eyes, or else pay saucy for the right of sticking to them.

And after they had come together and debated the thing themselves every night for a week, they came to a conclusion—the one and only conclusion they could come to—and that was that they should send for the celebrated attorney Phil Rogan, fetch him to the ground, lay the case afore him, and let him see for himself, and then direct them what was best to do. For, as they very well and wisely said, there was no other man in the North, or, for that part of it, between the bounds of Ireland, that could so well not only give them the law and the rights and justice of the case, but direct them what was best to be done—and then do it for them himself. For, as all of you have heard from your fathers, boys, about the wonderful Phil, he had such a clever head on him that there was nothing between the bindings of law books he didn't know, and nothing within the limits of law or the bounds of possibility that Phil couldn't do. In a just cause he could blindfold the Judge on the bench, and prove to any jury in the land that black was the white of their eye. As he once said himself, the time he released the Glenane boys, "Only give him a keyhole and he would drive a camel through it." That was Phil for ye, and the Loch Muck men decided well when they came to the conclusion to call him in without any delay.

Then they sent for Phil and fetched him to the ground, and showed him and told him all was to be seen and heard in the matter. And when he had listened, and looked at all, and took all in, quietly, without a word out of him, and when they then asked him, "Now, Mr. Rogan, what's your opinion on the matter?" he was still thinking for five minutes more, and all the men of Loch Muck were standing around with their mouths open, waiting to hear their fate.

"And so," says they, "you can do nothing for us, Mr. Rogan?"

"I didn't say so," says he shortly. "I'll have a try, anyway. And if we lose the fight, we're going to drop with our backs to the wall, anyhow. Put the whole matter in my hands, leave it to me, and do as I bid ye."

And right readily they consented to this.

The first thing Phil Rogan did was to drive home as fast as post-horses would carry him, and write out and send to every newspaper in the country a full statement of the case of the rights of the Loch Muck men, and the rascality of the Court of Chancery, and daring any moneyed man in Ireland—or out of it—to have the audacity and the meanness to come forward and buy up over their heads the tenants' own property, that was wrested from waste by the labour of their own hands, and reclaimed by the sweat of their own brows.

The papers took it up hot-foot; for it was one of the glaring cases of injustice that had been heard of in a hundred years, and they wrote articles on the subject day after day, till the whole country was fairly fired up in the matter, and they were making matters lively for the lads in the Court of Chancery and marrin' the market for them.

The sale, which was to be an absolutely unreserved one, was to have come on in three weeks' time; but in less than half that, no man in Ireland with a patch of decency in his whole composition would take a present of the Loch Muck land, let alone pay down hard money for it.

The Loch Muck men—as you may well suppose—were happy in their skins at the way matters went. And as for Phil Rogan, he was sitting smiling in his office and calculating, poor fellow, on another victory for Ireland and Justice. But it was eating his pancake before it was baked he was.

Five days before the day of the auction there was a lad suddenly lit upon the scene, and, taking the estate bailiff with him, went out to look over the reclaimed lands of Loch Muck. And, after a day's tramping, when he returned again, in the evening, to Cnocher Mac Menamin's hotel, in Donegal, he told frankly that he was a valuer come down from Dublin, sent down by Dr. McGaffey to look at the land and give an opinion on it; for that McGaffey was thinking of investing some loose money in it if he got it a bargain.

And when Phil Rogan and the Loch Muck men heard this it would be hard to tell which of them was the maddest, for Phil knew this old McGaffey well by repute. He was an old cranky Judge in the Four Courts of Dublin; known and noted far and wide as a niggardly, miserly, miserable creature, who would skin a flea if he could sell the hide. And it seems that when McGaffey heard the hubbub that was raised over the Loch Muck land, and seen in all the papers the denunciations and condemnations of any scoundrel who would attempt to purchase the lands over the tenants' heads, he seen that it was a grand opportunity for a good investment; for there would be few or no one else in Ireland to offer for them, and he'd have a dead bargain.

Well, anyhow, Phil Rogan was in a quandary, and he wrote off post-haste to a barrister friend he had in Dublin, a lad who knew Dr. McGaffey like his own left hand, and asked him to find if McGaffey was bent on buying, and, in case he was, what did he consider Phil should do to prevent him.

And in three days' time from that he had an answer back from his barrister friend, who said he had sounded old McGaffey himself on the subject, and he meant to have the lands of Loch Muck by hook or by crook, because he considered they would go for a song. He said he pointed out to McGaffey that there wasn't a decent man in Ireland—or outside of it—who would bid for the lands under the circumstances.

"And sure," says McGaffey, says he, "that's what I'll leave me the better bargain; it's the reason I'm going in for them." The barrister likewise told Phil that, owing to the sittings of the courts, McGaffey couldn't leave them sooner than the second day afore the auction, and he had laid out his plans to reach Donegal on the night previous, and drive out next day to the sale. And he told Phil that, as regards preventing the old rascal from purchasing, there was no way he could do it, barrin' either he would shoot him, or give him a contagious illness. For it was a well-known fact that this old miser, who respected neither God nor the devil, lived in mortal terror of two things only, and they were disease or death, and he would go ten miles round sooner than pass a fevery house.

When Phil got this news he made strict inquiry, but found that, as ill luck would have it, there was not an illness to be had handy in the neighbourhood for love or money, and hadn't been since six months afore, when Jimmy the Joker's whole family was taken with the miasma. And as for shooting the old scoundrel, he consented that, together with other inconveniences, it was mighty bothersome.

"And so, Mr. Rogan," says the Loch Muck men, says they, "we're beaten, and the land's lost to us!"

"Do you think so?" was all Phil said by reply.

"Don't you think so?" says they.

Says Phil, says he, "I have ever made it a habit not to cry for my cake till after it's snapped, and the same I recommend to you. Phil Rogan came bright out of more bothersome corners than this, and if he isn't now able to get the better of this old miser, McGaffey, he will curse his trade and quit it the morning after." And then he sent the Loch Muck men off. But, for all their faith in Phil, they had faces as long as your arm, and they were shaking their heads dolefully.

Very well and good; though Phil now sent letters to all the papers again, letting them know that old Dr. McGaffey was going to do the dishonest trick that no other man between the bounds of Ireland could be found to do; and though the papers raised a *roo-boo-boo* over it, and held the old Judge up to ridicule and scorn, and warned and threatened him all sorts, old McGaffey, the rascal, only laughed and snapped his fingers at them. And as he had planned, on the morning of the second day afore the auction, set out upon his journey and reached his journey's end—at least, reached Donegal—upon the second night afore the sale. And his coach drew up at Dillon's Inn; and, without giving any inkling of who or what he was, or what was his business, he got in his traps and took a room for the night.

Now, Dillon's Inn was a great headquarters for all sorts of tourists and travellers. There was always a great crowd about it, coming and going, and a mighty lot of lodgers, and the evening that the Judge came there was no exception, barrin' that, maybe, there was more than usual putting up at it. And a great tableful of men there was there from all arts and parts, and the Judge sat down among them to a late supper; but who the devil any of them was or what they were, McGaffey, of course, knew little and cared less. Only there was one chap come into the supper-room, just after the Judge had sat down, and Mick, the waiter, give him a chair just right by the doctor's lug, and addressed him every other minute as "Doctor." And, from scraps of conversation that Mick had with this doctor, back and forward during supper, the Judge picked up that his neighbour was a politician likewise as well as a medical doctor, and that he was going out to Loch Muck next day to observe the sale and see justice done to the tenantry. And McGaffey at this smiled inside his stomach, and soon after he ordered a foot-bath to go to his room, and he retired himself.

Well, behold ye, McGaffey might have been two, or maybe three, hours in his bed, and was about snoring himself out of his first sleep, when there was a knock at the door, and before he had time to say "Do it," or "Don't," the door opened, and who but Mick, the waiter, come in with a candle; and, says he, "I humbly beg your pardon, Sir, for wakening ye, but I am looking for a lawyer, on a life and death matter, and I wakened every gentleman in the house first, to see if he was one, before I would disturb you, knowing that, as you drove far and come late, you must have been tired out and out. Might there be a chance, Sir, of you being a lawyer?"

"What is the life and death matter, Sir, for which you want law at this hour of the night?" McGaffey snaps out, for he was not in any sweet temper at all at being wakened this way.

"It's a poor gentleman, Sir," says he, "that the sickness overtook here a week back, and he has been on the broad of his back since, and to-night—bad manners to him!—he took the notion of dyin', and he is crying out for a lawyer to draw up his will, and will have neither doctor nor clergy till he makes his mind easy on that first. He is a mighty liberal gentleman, Sir, and it'll be no sore nose to the lawyer attends him."

McGaffey, when he heard this, was eager to be up; and says he, "What is the gentleman dying of?"

"Oh! just," says Mick, says he, "it's a kind of pleurisy that went astray and settled over his heart, and is killing him."

"Go at once," says McGaffey, says he, "and tell him to hold on, that there's a lawyer here will be with him in a jiffy."

And in a jiffy, sure enough, McGaffey had thrown himself into his trousers and coat, and was after Mick, and up and into the sick-room.

Mick had pens, ink, and paper, and everything that was necessary, on a table by the bedside. And, in the shaking of a donkey's lug, Dr. McGaffey was earning his fee as fast and as loud as a pen could scratch.

He found that the dying man was a landlord in Connaught, owning several estates, and as he went on giving out his will he opened the Judge's eyes more and more, for he was proving to be such a wonderfully rich man as the Judge thought Connaught couldn't produce. He owned as many properties as you could reckon on your fingers; and, besides his landed property

in Connaught, he owned a street in London, and a mine in Spain, and a bog in Scotland, and a block in New York, and the devil only knows what else. But he dumbfounded McGaffey anyhow, as he went on dividing and bequeathing his property, his estates, his houses, his cattle, and his cash, between uncles and aunts, and step-sisters and step-mothers, and the Lord only knows how many more relations, out to seventh cousins.

And when he had all else divided, he inquired of the Judge for his name, and the Judge told him it. And by way of recompense to him for the trouble he give him, wakening him up in the middle of the night, he there and then bequeathed to the Judge at the tail end of the rest, fifty guineas in gold. And poor McGaffey almost threw his arms about him and kissed him.

And Mick went and wakened up witnesses and brought them in, in a dress that was not suitable to a drawing-room, and had the document finished up in fine style entirely.

And McGaffey was almost ready to dance with delight around the dying man's bed.

Howsomever, the dancing notion was very soon driven out of his head; for Mick he fetched in a doctor on the heels of the hunt; and who should the doctor be but the very same lad whom McGaffey had found sitting beside him at the supper-table last night. And when he looked at the patient and looked at the patient's tongue, and found his pulse, and put three questions to him, he turned upon Mick a scowl that should wither him, and "Sir," says he to Mick, "how long has this poor fellow been lying here?"

"Troth an' he's been ill for a week past, doctor," says Mick, says he.

"Sir," says the doctor, scowling blacker than afore, "it's tried for your life I'll have you, an' if the jury don't hang you I'll think little of paying for some man to swing you myself."

"For what, Sir?" says Mick.

And McGaffey he was looking on now all excited, and his mouth opened to hear what dreadful thing was the matter.

"Do you know, Sir," says the doctor, says he to Mick, "what this poor gentleman is suffering from?"

"I don't," says Mick, says he. "What is it?"

Says the doctor, says he, "He's in the last stage of the smallpox."

"What!" says Mick, says he.

"And w—what!" says McGaffey, says he, with the breath cut short on his mouth.

"The last stage," says the doctor, says he again, "of the smallpox."

"Murder!" says McGaffey, says he, turning the colour of the bed-sheet in the face.

"Murder," says the doctor, "is too easy a name for it. Come with me, ye scoundrel ye," says he to Mick, "and fetch a lantern, and show me the way to Dr. Kilgannon's till I get some soothing medicine to ease the poor fellow's last hours. And you, mister," says he to McGaffey, "I don't know your name, but I, as a doctor, command you, under pains and penalties, to watch by this poor man's side till I return, lest he should take a notion of going off sudden in the meantime. No other mortal in the house is to be disturbed or notified of this till I return, when I will have the house sealed, and it, and all in it, put under quarantine; no one within to be allowed out, nor no one without to be allowed in, under the severest penalties of the law, till forty days after this poor fellow is either cured or killed."

And then he went off, himself and Mick.

McGaffey, who was the colour of the bed-sheet in the face, and trembling like a man in the ague, crawled out to the landing as quick as he could, and held his breath till he heard the door close after Mick and the doctor, and knew they were gone. Then, as fast as his heels could carry him, he was off to his man's room, and had him wakened, and out with them both to the stables, where they had the horses harnessed and into the carriage in less time than I tell it to ye; and in a very few minutes more were thundering and tearing like the hammers of Newgate out of Donegal and on the high-road to Dublin.

The auction of the reclaimed lands of Loch Muck came off next day, and Phil Rogan was on the ground in high feather, and on behalf of the tenantry, he bid his right hand again his left—for he was the only bidder there—and bid it in for a song, and handed it over to its rightful owners.

As for Dr. McGaffey, he reached Dublin in quicker time than was made by coach on that road before or since. He took to his bed and had three doctors attending him three times a day for a fortnight, looking out for signs of the smallpox. At the end of that time the three presented him with a very handsome bill, and ordered him get on his feet and go about his business, or they would have him sent to a lunatic asylum.

But the bill in itself frightened him to his feet, and, by way of helping to pay it, he wrote off to Donegal, to Mr. Dillon, of the Inn, asking to get the date and particulars of the death of the smallpox patient at his hotel, in whom he had an interest because he happened to be mentioned in his will.

And, by way of reply, Mr. Dillon, in a fine fury, ordered his attorney—who happened to be Phil Rogan—to institute law proceedings against the Judge—on two heads: one for trying to libel his hotel and damage his custom, as there had not been as much as a headache, let alone a contagious disease, known in his inn for the space of fifty years gone. And, in the second place, to prosecute him for swindle, he having skipped out of his lodgings in the clouds of the night in order to avoid settling his bill.

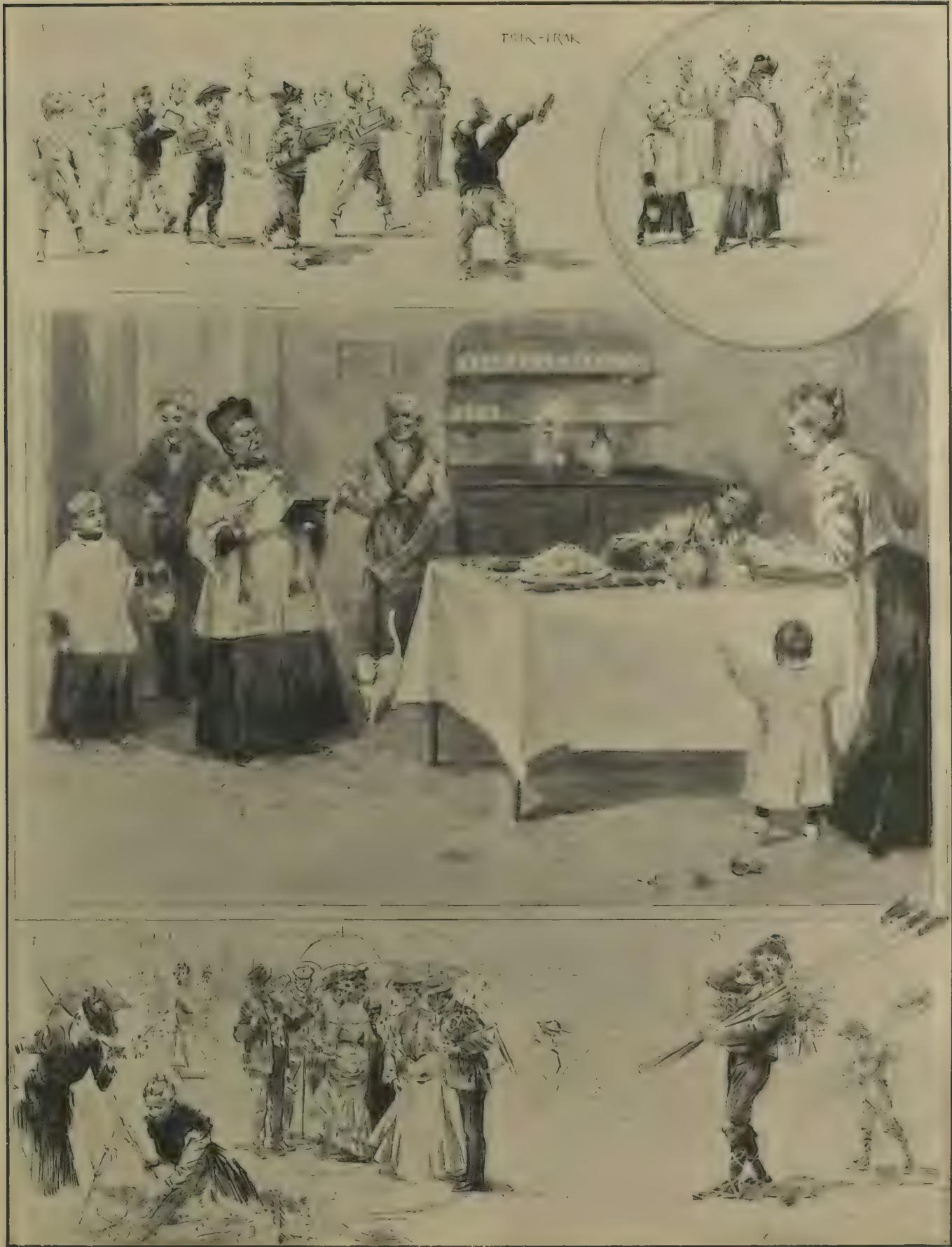
And the upshot of it was that Judge McGaffey was glad to save his skin and hush the matter up by paying Phil Rogan an extraordinary bill of costs, and making Mr. Dillon a full and ample apology.

He never again went in for speculating upon reclaimed lands, but spent a share of every day of his life, after, cursing reclaimed lands, Phil Rogan, and the tenantry of Loch Muck.

THE END.

## EASTERTIDE IN ROME: CURIOUS SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

DRAWN BY A. BEA, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



1. THE SUBSTITUTE FOR BELLS: BOYS SHAKING THE TRIK-TRAK.

All the bells in the Continental churches are dumb from Holy Thursday until noon on Saturday before Easter. In their place is used the trik-trak, a clapper of wood and iron, and from Thursday to Saturday parties of boys wander through the streets shaking this instrument, to mark the expiry of each hour.

2. A PRIEST ON HIS WAY TO BLESS THE EASTER BREAKFAST.

The usual Easter breakfast is of eggs and sausages, and the family priest is expected to call and give the meal his benediction.

3. BLESSING THE EASTER BREAKFAST.

The usual Easter breakfast is of eggs and sausages, and the family priest is expected to call and give the meal his benediction.

4. PALM SUNDAY: PALM-SELLERS IN THE STREETS.

Many foreigners, after bearing olive-palms to St. Peter's, remain on the stairs of the basilica, buying great bunches of straw palms and other imitation foliage.

5. THE SPIDER-SWEEPER: A DEALER IN BROOMS AND GRASSES FOR THE EASTER HOUSE-CLEANING.

At Easter there is a great house-cleaning, doubtless a survival of the Jewish Passover purifications. The scacciaiugus, or sweeper of spiders, appears in the streets selling brooms and grasses for clearing the house of cobwebs.

LUXURY FOR AN ELECTED BODY: THE PROPOSED LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HALL AT A COST OF £1,700,000.

FROM A PROVISIONAL DESIGN BY MR. W. E. RUFFY, THE COUNCIL'S SUPERINTENDING ARCHITECT.



ADMINISTRATIVE MAGNIFICENCE AT THE RATEPAYERS' EXPENSE: THE PROPOSED SPLENDID SCENE OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S DELIBERATIONS.

The drawing is merely indicative of the capabilities of the site in relation to the immediate surroundings, and is not intended as other than a sketch-scheme, which would be considerably modified as a more matured plan is formulated. The site of the proposed building is that of the old Belvedere Gardens, at the south-east end of Westminster Bridge, and in the same line as St. Thomas's Hospital. The proposed frontage is 800 feet to the river, 240 feet to the bridge approach, and to Belvedere Road 700 feet. The building would contain the Council Chamber and all the administrative offices. The total cost, which has been placed at £1,700,000, has been apportioned as follows: Site, £600,000; cost of building, £1,056,000; cost of river embankment, £44,000.

# THE WAY OF EXPIATION: A STRANGE GOOD FRIDAY CEREMONY IN THE ITALIAN HIGHLANDS.

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR RICCARDO PETTIGRINI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MANDRITO.



A MASQUE OF THE CRUCIFIXION: THE EXPIATORY PROCESSION IN THE VAL DI ROSE.

*At Mandrito, in the Val di Rose, an Italian hill retreat where many curious religious customs survive, the people hold a procession on Good Friday on a rocky, wild and tortuous mountain path. The celebrants wear strange attire, some of the dresses roughly reminiscent of the garb of Roman soldiers, as in the figure in the foreground, and they carry also the symbols of the Passion, the cross, the crown, the ladder, and the spear. Wild enthusiasm marks the course of the march.*

## FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY.

*Barham of Beltana.* By W. E. Norris. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Bell and the Arrow.* By Nora Hopper. (London: T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)  
*Jehanne.* By E. A. Gillie. (London: Ishbister. 6s.)  
*John Fletcher's Madonna.* By Mrs. Comyns Carr. (London: Constable. 6s.)  
*Coventry Patmore.* By Edmund Gosse. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. is. 6d. net.)  
*Lady Jean: A Study of the Douglas Cause.* By Percy Fitzgerald. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Norris has found a new setting for the Montagues and Capulets by contrasting a family of Tasmanian *nouveaux riches* with a proud and impudent Sussex house. The daughters make friends at school. Each has a brother, and the young men have fought side by side in South Africa. A double marriage is, of course, indicated, but the fathers are radically antipathetic, and considerations of birth, finance, and past history obstruct the lovers for such time as the author thinks fit. When Mr. Barham of Beltana turns out to be the son of a solicitor transported for frauds which had nearly ruined the March family, the situation is complicated enough to distress sentimentalists who do not know their Mr. Norris. Of course he has one of his delightfully unconventional old ladies in reserve, and the startling revelations which she alone can make put the past history of the respective families in a new light. The romance of Captain March and Miss Barham is of the type to which we are accustomed; but the relations between young Barham and Miss March are not very plausibly presented. Still the story runs pleasantly, and the contrast of characters is skilfully, if somewhat obviously, handled. There is none of the nonsense fashionable in theatres about the fresh virility of Australasia and the corruption of English Society: Bahams and Marches are alike natural figures with the real characteristics of the two social types.

Somebody prophesied the other day that there would not be any novels written a hundred years hence, because the form was already threadbare—and discreetly forebore to say what fashion was to succeed it. The difficulty, a century ahead of its time, has planted itself before Mrs. Hugh Chesson, more widely known as Nora Hopper, the Irish poet, who has made her first lengthy essay in prose fiction in "The Bell and the Arrow." Her book, let it be said at the outset, is all that a book treating of love and life should be—tender, compassionate, handled with the quick artistic touch, flecked with April tears and laughter. The characters are not pegs to hang incident on; they are not, as a sterner school would have depicted them, dry leaves hustling before the winds of Destiny; they are living, breathing human beings, with all their human inconstancy at play. The Devonshire setting is admirable—a touch, a sentence, and there is the South Country year at the spring. In a word, the book has atmosphere; and it has life also. Notwithstanding, it is not a successful novel, and to our mind it should not be called a novel at all. Its charm is so subtle and distinctive that we will not concede this to be a fault in it; the error is on the label, not in the contents. *What* it is, it is hard to say. Perhaps it is the forerunner of the new type of fiction, Mrs. Chesson, with a poet's audacity, crying musically in the wilderness. Novels, it would seem, are supposed to possess cohesion and sequence, climaxes led up to by an orderly march of incidents, and a neat finish to straggling byplay. This singular story makes light of all the rules; but it imports a freshness, a vivacity, that strikes a new note to our ears.

"Jehanne" is a spirited little novel, which belies its mild beginning, in the "local colour" of Honfleur market, by the development of quite a stirring plot. It swings along with interest well sustained, and if E. A. Gillie be a new author, she—or less probably he—shows none of the awkwardness of the novice, or the feebleness of the amateur. Jehanne is a charming Norman-bred girl, of mixed French and English parentage, and though she is shown to us in the opening chapters as the typical French *ingénue*, innocently looking forward to an "arranged" marriage as the portal of her real life, her individuality emerges later, when she breaks off her engagement with a plausible scoundrel because she has fallen in love with another man, at the time apparently inaccessible. She suffers for her free spirit, too—persecution, gruesome imprisonment in an old ruin, at the hands of her fiancé and his scheming mother, the sharp suspense of hope deferred; but she is left happily married at the end. All this is very brisk reading and quite satisfactory; but we could wish that the author had not made her hero a priest at the outset, even though his repudiation of his consecration vows is made for conscience' sake. The man overcomes the priest; we remember the "Garden of Allah," where a similar thing happened, and the fruit of it was tragedy, necessary and inevitable. Here the Fates are kind, but their good offices, though they suit our sentimentality, jar upon a finer feeling.

It is one of the indisputable rules of the novelists that a character called John shall be simple, honest, and a healthy Briton, and Mrs. Comyns Carr is far too well practised in her art to violate this convention. John Fletcher, therefore, bulks sturdily in her new novel, a solid young fellow with a manly ingenuousness about him, retaining the reader's affection even when his trust in man and womankind seem to come perilously near stupidity. Not that he is really stupid—not a bit of it; he is only deliberate and splendidly honest, and Mrs. Carr flouts the theories of heredity to good purpose when she makes him all that he is in spite of his mother, who "appears to be a thoroughly disagreeable old lady." He marries a young Italian girl, creature compounded, like Evelyn Hope, of "spirit fire and dew," and the trouble that ensues upon her

transportation from her sun-bathed home to an English country house, in which the rigid mother is waiting to freeze her, furnishes the plot of a very easy, readable, leisurely story. The contrast between Mrs. John Fletcher's Italian guests and their British host and his friends is admirably done; and "John Fletcher's Madonna" stands not less by its study of national characteristics than by the love-story which is the ostensible reason for its existence. Diana, the open-air English girl, foil to Bice's Southern emotionalism, rides to and fro a little too persistently, to our mind, and the horses are somehow only accessories to the humans, not dear, real horses; but they furnish a fine background to the action of the tale, and set off the Marchesa Mazzi and the Anglophil Di Castelmonte very appropriately.

Mr. Basil Champneys' "Memoir and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore" is a final biography of the poet, but there is room for Mr. Gosse's new book, which differs radically from the usual monograph issued in one of the innumerable series of small biographies. Mr. Gosse knew his subject intimately in later life, and would have been Patmore's literary executor had they not agreed that a member of the Roman Catholic communion was in some ways better fitted for the task. "The Angel in the House," as Mr. Gosse wittily says, created an impression that "the grim and rather sinister author was a kind of sportive lambkin with his tail tied in bows of blue riband," and Patmore, somewhat to his disgust, passed from the position of a poet recognised only by a few competent critics to a popularity amongst the particular public which does not know what literature means, but attaches high importance to domestic morality. His later work, "The Unknown Eros," set him right with the critics, but was quite above the heads of his public. Patmore himself had a good deal of humour, but much of his poetry reminds one of the simply sentimental passages in a play the effect of which may be ruined by a single ribald laugh from the gallery. And yet his early work, with all its insistence on the trivialities of family life, was the expression of a finely original mind deliberately taking for its theme the most common experiences of human beings. Perhaps the consciousness that he was admired by the wrong people for the wrong things helped to make him the formidable and crusty figure, rabidly pessimistic as to the future of England, that he became in old age. After the death of his first wife, who had inspired his poetry, he entered the Church of Rome. Unlike the normal Roman Catholic as he was, he was even more extraordinarily unlike the convert. His deep religious feeling and true reverence were veiled, for the unintelligent, by a habit of amazingly caustic criticism. Mr. Gosse seems to have understood his friend, and has produced a very striking portrait. His little book contains much subtle criticism of Patmore's work, and those who were given an interest in the man by Mr. Champneys' volumes will be glad to have from such a competent pen an analysis of the poetry. But we cannot help thinking that a bowing acquaintance with Oriental mystical poetry has led Mr. Gosse into a serious misunderstanding of Patmore's view of human love. To the Sufi the unsubstantial and illusory incidents of human passion are a symbol of the relations between Creator and creature; but surely Patmore saw something very like identity between human and Divine love.

The story of the Douglas Cause has no parallel in the annals of English or Scottish law except the Tichborne Case. But it is more remarkable than that, for the evidence set forth by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald can leave little doubt that the judgment of the House of Lords was wrong, and that a gross imposture was crowned with success. In the year 1748, Lady Jean Douglas professed to have given birth to twins in Paris. As they were heirs of her brother, the Duke of Douglas, from whom she was estranged, it might be supposed that she and her husband, Colonel Stewart, would have taken the most scrupulous care to avert suspicion. She would have made the circumstances so plain that no shadow of a doubt could rest upon the parentage of her boys. But the whole affair was deliberately shrouded in mystery. She was never able to give a clear and consistent account of it. When it happened exactly nobody knew. The children, in fact, were bought from peasants; and in the case of one of them the transaction was subsequently exposed in every detail. But Lady Jean swore that they were her own children; she swore it on her deathbed; and her husband, though involved in a perfect maze of lies, stuck to the tale in his last dying speech. In the House of Lords the claim of the surviving child was upheld by Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden with a disregard of the facts which seems reckless now. But the case had been going on for years; the parents were dead, and the orphan claimant, son of a French peasant and kinsman of a rope-dancer, was as dear to sentimental Scots as if he had been a Jacobite Prince. Mansfield argued that no woman with such a pedigree as Lady Jean's could have stooped to fraud, and backed it with impious oaths. Camden argued that only a real mother could have shown so much affection for the children, and written such admirable letters to her husband. But the imposture succeeded chiefly because it had lasted so long, because the partners in it had owned the children, because the children had the "repute" of belonging to the alleged parents, because Scottish Lords thought that no title would be safe if the ordinary test of "filiation"—that is to say, the acknowledgment by the father—were rejected. So the brother of the French rope-dancer was established in the aristocracy of Scotland. Mr. Fitzgerald has the moral satisfaction, however, of relating that although the impostor left a family of twelve children, eight of them sons, the estates eventually passed away to strangers. The interest of the book centres in Lady Jean, who presents a problem of psychology that surpasses all the mysteries of the criminal calendar.

## "FOND ADVENTURES."

"Tales of the Youth of the World" is the sub-title that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has given to his new book, "Fond Adventures" (Macmillan), and therefrom the reader who knows his author will not expect any story of Eden or Arcadia. For Mr. Hewlett's youth of the world lies in the period when the world recovered her youth, considerably later than Eden, although on the author's own showing in another volume it was a time when the world was conceived as a garden. Elsewhere he has laboured to show that this view lacked breadth, a reproach not to be levelled at the "Fond Adventures," for whatever there may be in them, and there is much, of the lovers' Paradise—

L'Amour de moi s'y est enclose  
Dedans un joly jardin—

there is no forgetting the thorns and thistles that lie beyond. Over these, indeed, lies the way in, not seldom they beset the way out, and the path of passion is lost in blood.

The book contains things new and old. The title itself has been borrowed from the first name of one of the stories, which first appeared as "The Fond Adventure," and henceforth must be known as "Brazenhead the Great." *Palman qui meruit feral* (the suggestion is and is not Paschal), and the branch does not go this time to Brazenhead, fine swashbuckler and fifteenth-century Sherlock Holmes though he be. For on a personal bias, it appears that Mr. Hewlett is most himself in the opening story—"The Heart's Key," the old tale, yet how fresh in its setting of the serving man and his lady. They are discovered amid much of that garden glamour that first showed us, and Sandro Botticelli, Simonetta, although here we are a good three centuries earlier. Lady Saill and her sister Lady Tibors (the latter of no account in the relation) are not to be overmuch described, for their laureate is wily—

"Tell a man that a woman is fair—fair Helen, fair Cleopatra, lovely Azalaïs—and he will make her so in his own image. But enlarge on her parts, tell over her perfections on the fingers, he will say of one at least, 'H'm, not to my taste.'"

So we have to rest content with only an adumbration of Saill's glories, "a golden lady with long yellow hair like Helen's of Troy, and of fierce face, like the Siren's when she has drowned a man"; yet it is enough to understand why she was woished openly by Jaufray of Brieuc, the Monk of Quesle (no shame to him!), the Viscount Ebles, and secretly by her poor minstrel, Gwillem of Nantoi, who dared look no higher than her knee. Thus, then, in the garden the two men of war and the churchman paid their court and sang their songs, and Jaufray had for guerdon leave to kiss Saill's hand, and Ebles had a pressure of her foot beneath the board, and the monk, his mind being set, doubtless, above earthly considerations, was suffered even to kiss her cheek. But, for all these favours, the lady kept inviolate her golden girdle, "Heart's Key," for which reward young Gwillem made his nightly prayer to the Holy Virgin. But Saill held aloof until there came a night of bitter frost and fire, when the three ingrates, de Brieuc, Ebles, and the monk, burst into her castle of Ventadorn, wherefrom Gwillem would have saved his lady, but his endeavour only brought her to instant shame. For the ruffians forced her to salute the minstrel publicly as she had saluted them in turn long before, with pressure of foot: hand and cheek offered to the serving-man's lips. Then Gwillem led his lady out in her shift and girdle over the iron roads to Nantoi to his mother's, where they lived in peace for a time; but the minstrel never had the boldness to win Saill, till Simon de Montfort laid siege to the place, and hunger brought the lovers to extremity. Horror of famine we have here in forcible suggestion, recalling nothing so much as Détaille's "Les Bouches Inutiles." Gwillem's mother would make merchandise of the girl for bread, and bids her sell "Heart's Key." The gold goes, for Saill's proud innocence was literal; and of the rest Master Hewlett himself must tell, for this cheapening of his wares goes against the grain of a scribe who would be honest as times go.

For Brazenhead we are taken to the times of Jack Cade, Jack Mend-all, Jack Mortimer, what you will, and again it is a case of mistress and servitor, where the mistress is mistress overmuch. It is a story of the road to Canterbury, and all the travellers have had a hearing before, have indeed been tellers of tales themselves, and now here comes in their own fond adventure. Captain Brazenhead loved to play Providence, and found his opportunity. He had also a useful knack of soothsaying founded on observation and a bold confidence in guesswork, which, as we have hinted, lend him the character of one Holmes, a criminal-investigator, Brazenhead himself being more of the former part of the compound than of the latter. But he is as agreeable a knave as his creator has yet presented, and his protégé Perceforest a pretty lad of the right sort for romance, although but a tool in the benevolent-malevolent Captain's hands. For the last two stories we see again Italy of the Renaissance, and take the Road in Tuscany in more senses than one. "Buondelmonte's Saga," if at first somewhat overlaid with proper names and family intricacies, resembling, as it does, certain chapters in "Val d'Arno," at length wins clear into the stress of action, and very fine tragic action at that.

The last, "The Love Chase," hurries us further north to trace the amorous quest of Nello Nelli, precocious scholar and amorist, who, after much tribulation, could at length write soberly to his friend Politian of the lady he had won. "We shall read Ovid together," says the clerk complacently; "at the head of my table she will be an ornament . . . into the study she will never come but by invitation." One day Mr. Hewlett must unfold to us the comedy that surely lurks here.

FASHION AND THE FATED: AN OLD NEWGATE EPISODE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A NOSEGAY AND GOOD CHEER FOR THE CONDEMNED HIGHWAYMAN.

Dishing highwaymen used to be comforted on their way to Tyburn by fashionable ladies, who came to visit them in Newgate with gifts of flowers, food, and wine. In the case of Sheppard carried a fine bouquet. It was a common diversion for select crowds to attend in the press-room at Newgate to see the irons struck off the condemned for the gallows. A last draught of ale was offered at one of the Holborn hosteries.



## EASTER HOLIDAY RESORTS: INTERESTING FRAGMENTS OF OLD PARIS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.—(SEE ARTICLE ON CHESS PAGE.)



I. WHERE ROMAN PARIS AMUSED ITSELF: REMAINS OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.

III. A FORMER RESIDENCE OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS: THE HOTEL DE SENS.

V. THE RUE GRENIER-SUR-L'EAU, AND BELL-TOWER OF ST. GERVAIS.

II. ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FINE HOUSE OF THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY: THE TOUR DE JEAN-SANS-PEUR.

IV. THE CURIOUS MIXTURE OF GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACHE.

## THE POPE AND PHYSICAL WELL-BEING: NATURAL AND MIRACULOUS METHODS OF PROMOTING HEALTH.



THE POPE'S INTEREST IN PHYSICAL DRILL: AN EXHIBITION BEFORE PIUS X, IN THE CORTILE DELLA PINA AT THE VATICAN.

... *as a man of the world, and not as a man of the church. In his youth he was a soldier, and in his old age he may be in matters of music, the Pope keeps himself otherwise wonderfully abreast of the times, and has recently shown his interest in physical culture, permitting a gymnastic exhibition to be given in the Cortile della Pina at the Vatican. The scene was the Cortile della Pina, or Court of the Pineapple, so called from the great sculptured representation of the fruit which stands in the middle of the court. In the background, the facade of the Palazzo Pio is visible, and in front of it, the bronze statue of St. Peter. On the right, the bronze canopy under which this monument the Pope's throne was erected.*

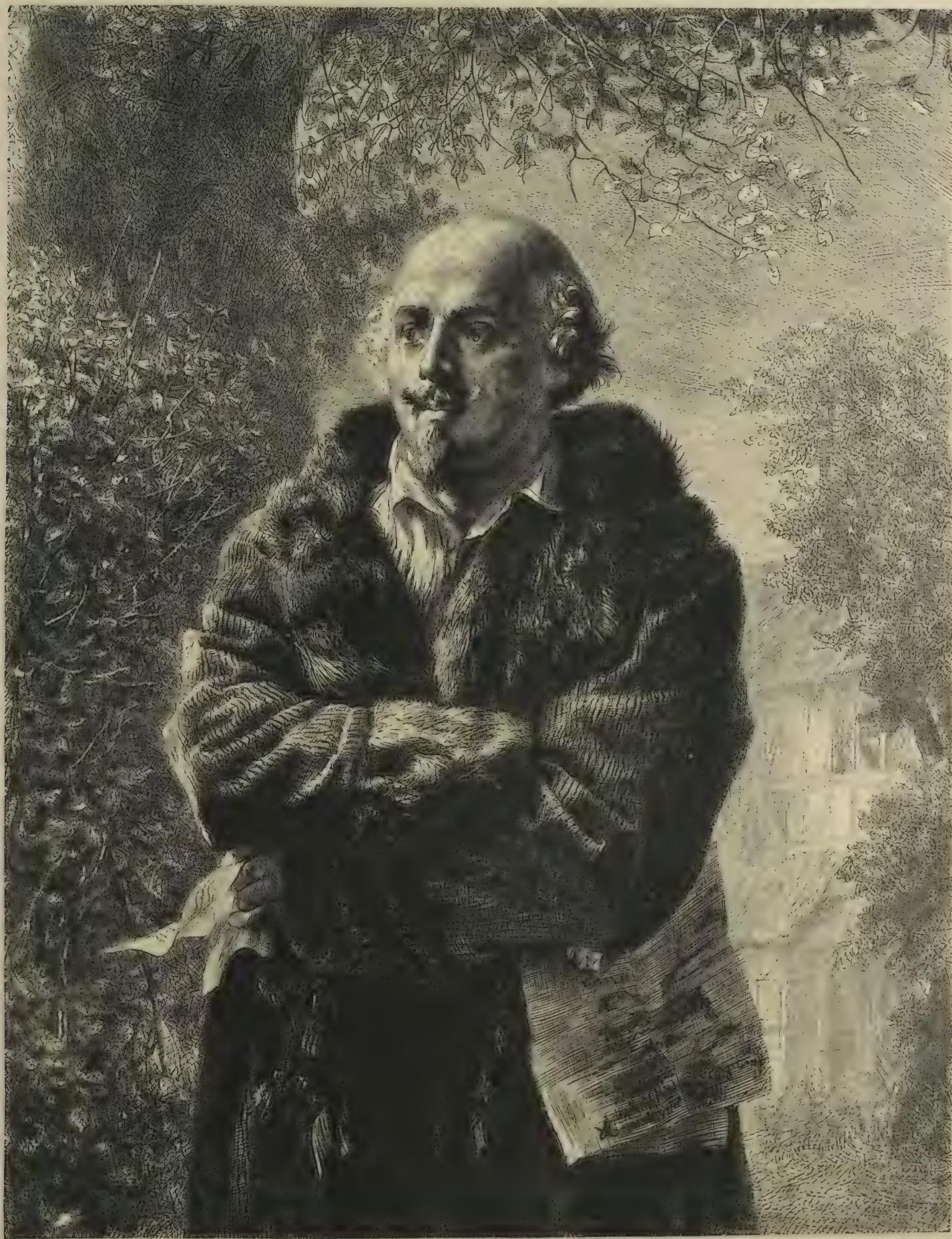


LOURDES REPRODUCED IN ROME: THE POPE BLESSING THE CHAPEL AND GROTTO OF HEALING IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

*... *as a man of the world, and not as a man of the church. In his youth he was a soldier, and in his old age he may be in matters of music, the Pope keeps himself otherwise wonderfully abreast of the times, and has recently shown his interest in physical culture, permitting a gymnastic exhibition to be given in the Cortile della Pina at the Vatican. The scene was the Cortile della Pina, or Court of the Pineapple, so called from the great sculptured representation of the fruit which stands in the middle of the court. In the background, the facade of the Palazzo Pio is visible, and in front of it, the bronze statue of St. Peter. On the right, the bronze canopy under which this monument the Pope's throne was erected.**

A GERMAN PAINTER'S CONCEPTION OF SHAKSPERE: MENZEL'S PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE ADOLF MENZEL.



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE: BORN APRIL 23, 1564.

Authorities are divided as to whether Shakspere was born on the 23rd or 23rd of April, but the latter date is generally accepted, on the somewhat flimsy ground that it is of his death. There is no positive evidence on the subject, but the Stratford parish registers show that he was baptised on April 26. Those in search of a Shaksperian eulogy therefore, considerable choice about this time. April 23 ought really to have preference on a sentimental consideration, for it is also St. George's Day.



AN EASTER HOLIDAY GAME: THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE.

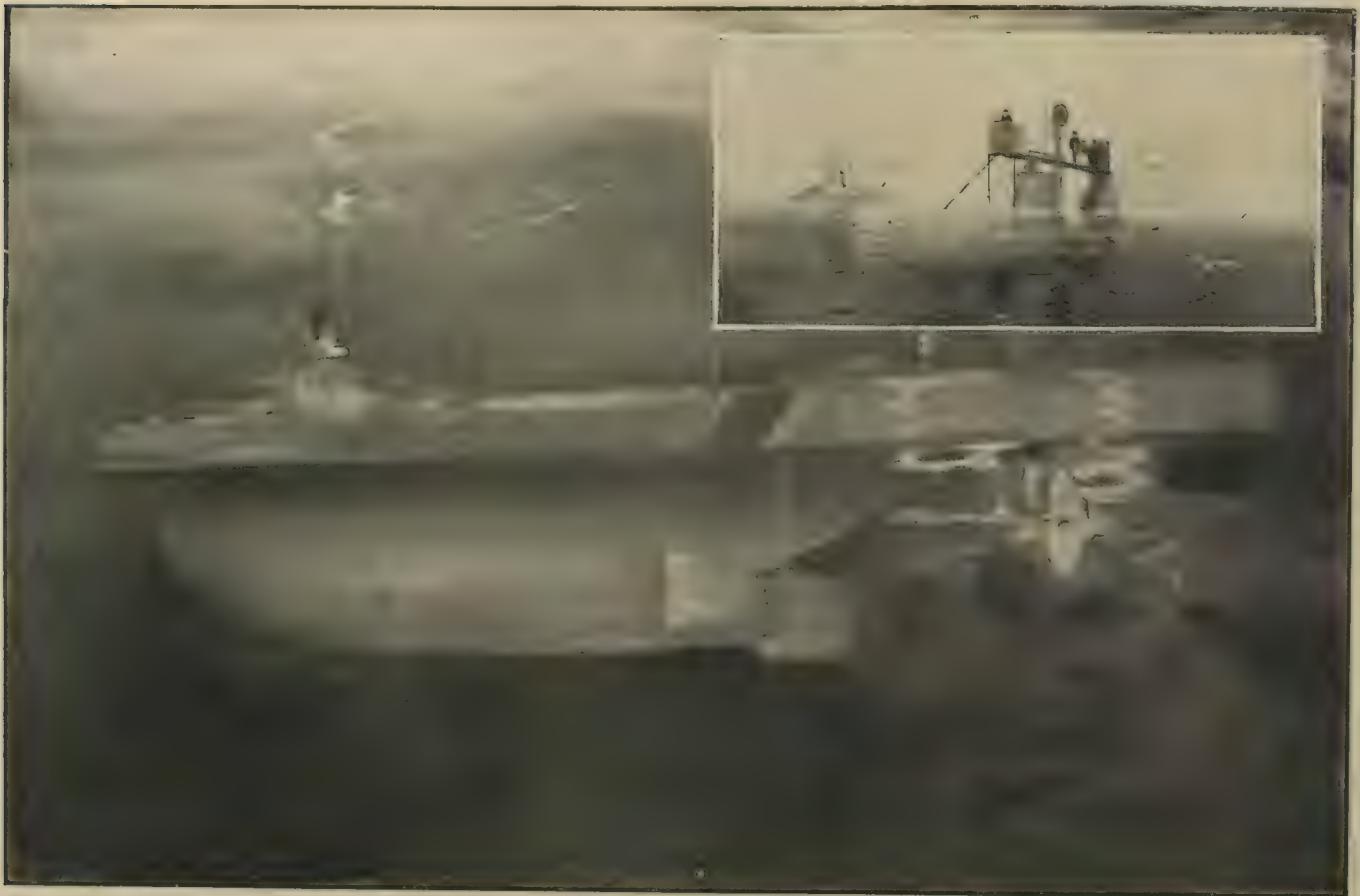
*The details of the game are probably familiar to many of our readers, but for the benefit of those who do not know them the description may be repeated. The penitent being selected, he is sent out of the room, and one child is invited to trum<sup>b</sup> of a ludicrous accusation against him. The victim is now permitted to return, and, being seated on the stool of repentance, hears the accusation rehearsed by another of the party chosen to perform this office. The accused is now allowed three guesses to name his traducer, and if he succeeds the accuser must take the place of the accused upon the stool. The artist has chosen the moment when the penitent is on the point of guessing rightly. A correct guess is received with applause; a mistake is hissed and entails a forfeit. At the end the forfeits are called in the usual way.*



THE GERMAN ROYAL VISIT TO SICILY: THE REMAINS OF THE GREEK THEATRE OF TAORMINA.

Taormina, on the east coast of Sicily, has just been visited by the German Emperor, and will probably be one of the halting places of the Kaiser's Italian tour. It is famous for the remains of the ancient theatre, which could accommodate 10,000 spectators. Taormina stands on the site of the Greek city Tauromenium, founded in 403 B.C. Here Timoleon landed when he came to Sicily from the tyrants.

THE BRIDGE OF THE FRENCH SUBMARINE



A NEW TYPE OF SUBMARINE: THE FRENCH SUBMERSIBLE "AIGRETTE" RUNNING BELOW THE SURFACE DURING THE CHERBOURG EXPERIMENTS.

DRAWING BY JOHNSON.

Below is a drawing intended to illustrate the relative efficiency of two types of boats—the submarine and the "submersible." The submersible is a sort of torpedo-boat with the hull partially submerged, as shown in the inset from our larger illustration. The submarine "A" has a shuttle-shaped hull surmounted by a platform for observation above water. The "A" is more cramped and less comfortable, and less taxing to her crew, who can, when she is raised, come up on deck for fresh air. In the case of the submarine only one or two men can come to the bridge during a run on the surface.

"HER OWN WAY," MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT'S SEASON AT THE LYRIC:  
TWO SCENES FROM MR. CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY.



GEORGIANA CARLEY (MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT) AFTER PARTING WITH HER LOVER, IN THE SECOND ACT.



GEORGIANA REFUSES ANOTHER LOVER, SAM COAST (MR. JAMES CAREW).

GEORGIANA.—"My dear Sam, do you suppose a woman can love to order? That Dick has died is no reason for me to change my mind and marry you. I don't love you. I never will."

IN THE SEASON OF PLOVERS' EGGS: A NEST DISTURBED.

DRAWS BY G. E. LODGE.



MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING: PEEWIS ALARMED BY PARTRIDGES.

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**KILLALOE.—LAKESIDE HOTEL.** Salmon and Trout Fishing free.

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THE CONGESTED TRAFFIC IN THE HIGH STREET OF MUKDEN ON THE NEAR APPROACH OF THE JAPANESE.

The streets of Mukden, during the last days of the Russian occupation, presented the scene of inextricable confusion that attends an army in flight. Chinese refugees, their household goods packed on long carts, struggled towards the gates, and Russian officialism, although represented by men in uniform, neither cared nor attempted to maintain order. Never before, certainly, had the fantastically carved signs of the ancient capital of the Manchurian Emperor looked down upon such a strange crowd, where the subjects of an Eastern and a Western Empire jostled each other in their endeavour to escape from the army of another Eastern Power which both China and Russia held but yesterday in the direst contempt.

# HOW TO MAKE A CUP OF DELICIOUS COCOA



*first put in  
a teaspoonful  
of white sugar*

*then half a teaspoonful  
of Van Houten's  
Cocoa*

*"A PERFECT BEVERAGE  
COMBINING STRENGTH  
PURITY & SOLUBILITY"  
MEDICAL ANNUAL*



*withdraw the spoon  
fill rapidly  
with boiling water  
then stir a little*



*if desired  
add milk  
to taste*

*then drink.*

# van Houten's Cocoa

## LADIES' PAGES.

In the month of May next month, if the King of Spain will be the signal for a series of Court festivities, and Ascot, the apotheosis of fine feathers on fine birds, immediately follows the termination of the Spanish visit. Neither state nor personal significance necessarily attaches to the visit of the King of Spain, for it is usual and natural for monarchs to pay visits to one another; but gossip persists in attributing the recent visit of the Duke of Connaught, first to the Spanish Court and then to the Pope, and the coming here of the King of Spain, to romantic possibilities. At any rate, the Spanish royal visit has the interest of novelty. It is, I believe, without a precedent. The neighbouring country of Portugal has several times seen its monarch depart for a trip to England, but there is a family relationship between the respective royal families of Great Britain and Portugal. The Duchess of Kent's brother, who was, of course, at one time Queen Victoria's and the Prince Consort's uncle, was the consort of the Queen regnant of Portugal, and there is an older connection still between the families. The King of Spain is tall and rather delicate-looking; he has the charming manners of the Spanish gentleman, though his face is like that of his Austrian mother. Sympathy is felt in this country with the Queen Regent of Spain's devotion to her son.

He is a man of an age to assume the responsibilities of his position; and his welcome will be cordial. Coming as he does in the very middle of the season, his Majesty stays only five days, from June 5 to June 10, and into that time is to be put a State ball, a State concert, a Guildhall luncheon and address of welcome, a visit to Windsor, a command night at the Opera, and a military function: so he will have a busy tin.

The wedding of the German Crown Prince is now fixed for June 6, and partly because this date comes within that fixed for the King of Spain's visit here, and partly for more personal reasons, the Prince and Princess of Wales will not be able to go to Berlin for the ceremony, as they at first proposed doing. I hear that the young Duchess Cecilie's trousseau is being prepared on a scale of the greatest magnificence. The evening gowns are more elaborate than would usually be chosen by a young bride, to consort with her important station. They are all made with the deep-pointed bodice, and mostly with the flat, plain skirt front elaborately embroidered that is the coming style for evening dress; and embroideries are lavishly used for trimming. Pale blue and pronounced pink are the Kaiser's favourite colours, and are usually worn by the Kaiserin at Court functions; so the prospective



A USEFUL SPRING GOWN.

Navv serge, most serviceable of materials, makes this gown, with touches of white and red to smarten up the coat, and triple rows of fancy buttons as a finish.

daughter-in-law is having all her most beautiful gowns in those tints.

Ladies are quite as successful with big kinds of dogs as with their smaller pets. Indeed, there is something specially suitable in the conjunction of a woman with one of the stronger and more protective sort of our canine friends. At the recent trials of bloodhounds on Salisbury Plain, the chief honours were carried off by Mrs. Oliphant; in fact, hers were the only entries in the couples and team sections. One of her couples found their man after a long run in the public-house surrounded by a number of others, and instantly sorted him out from the rest by scent. There is something very impressive, awful even, in the experience of being tracked by a bloodhound, as these dogs give tongue as they hunt, and the deep, appalling baying coming nearer and nearer is quite chilling to the blood. But they are really gentle, and, having found, will do no more than guard the quarry. Borzois, such favourites with Queen Alexandra, are another of the big dogs particularly liked by ladies; the successful club that is devoted to them has seven ladies on its committee, headed by Princess Dhuleep Singh.

Amongst the latest novelties in the way of headgear are the taffetas hats, which are decidedly pretty. They are of various shapes, a tricorn being, perhaps, most successful. The soft silk is pleated and folded prettily over the shape. It is sometimes plain taffetas that is used, and sometimes sprigged. A pretty example of the fancy taffetas hats had pink roses and buds brocaded on a mushroom-coloured ground, and this covered a tricorn shape, and was trimmed with a wreath of roses and a little twist of pale-brown tulle. Another was a turban toque covered with white taffetas and trimmed with a white ostrich feather drooping over the back on to a *cachepigne* of water-lilies and bows of leaf-green taffetas. Black hats are being trimmed with all sorts of colours. The all-black hat is of a special utility, as well as of a *chic* all its own; but the admixture of colours with black, so long popular in gowns, is also very effective on chapeaux. Milliners complain that motoring is spoiling their business. Women are no longer buying a dozen hats at a time for smart wear; they have only two or three for visiting, and for the rest demand uses: solid motor-caps and hats, that will stand being squeezed down with a veil, and will not mind being wet covered with dust. Apparently the milliners are trying to counteract this economical tendency by making the headgear more fascinating than ever. Tulle, the fabric above all others that will not allow one to wear it to motor in with safety, is much used; in fact, it appears more or less on the majority of smart hats, and makes the entire shape of many, and very light in wear and dainty in effect is that vaporous and fragile fabric. It is in black tulle that the best hats trimmed with colours appear. A black tulle plateau, tipped up with a bandeau

## WEDDING PRESENTS

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Unequalled for Hard Wear.

Antique Fluted Tea and Coffee Service, with Rich Gadroon and Shell Edge.

Coffee Pot, 2 pints	£5	0	0	£9 1s 0	Sterling Silver
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Sugar	2	18	0	5 0	0
Cream	2	6	0	4 5	0
Kettle, 2 pints	£14	14	0	£28	0
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Oval Breakfast Dish, 10in. long, forms three Dishes and Strainer.

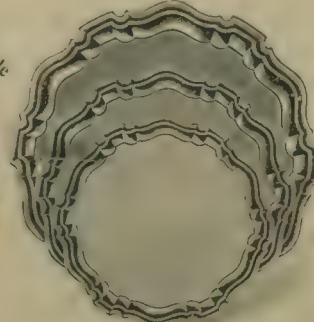
Prince's Plate, £4 5s.; Sterling Silver, £18



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top. One Lamp, 15½ in. by 14½ in., £5 15s.



Prince's Plate "James I." Pudding Bowl or Salad Bowl, China Linning, 8 in. diam., £1 12s.; 9 in. diam., £1 18s.; 9½ in. diam., £2 6s.



Prince's Plate, 8 in. with Large Borders, £1 8s. Prince's Plate, 8 in., £1 13s. 0. Sterling Silver, £2 2s. 0. Prince's Plate, 8 in., £2 0. 0. Sterling Silver, £5 15s. 0. Prince's Plate, 8 in., £2 12s. 0. Sterling Silver, £8 8s. 0. Prince's Plate, 8 in., £3 5s. 0. Sterling Silver, £12 0. 0.

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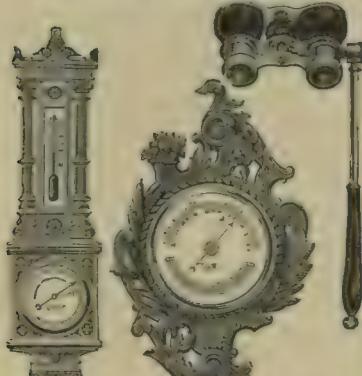
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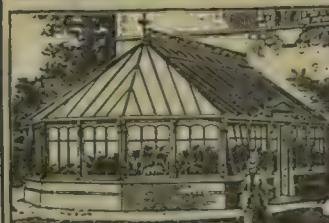
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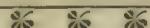
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at the left side covered with forget-me-nots and tiny rosebuds, trimmed with a wreath of the same all round the crown, and finished with a plume of blue tips to the left side of the front, was charming. So was a black tulle tricorn shape, trimmed with an upstanding aigrette of biscuit-brown marabout, and a wreath of white lilac and tawny primulas mingled with brown tulle puffs. Black straw of the fine crinoline variety, trimmed with ribbon shaded from pink to flame colour, arranged in loops, and finished by a cluster of soft pink feather tips at the back frothing over, and covering the cachepeigne bandeau, was stylish. Or, in a contrast, a burnt-straw toque was trimmed with clusters arranged all round the upright brim of alternate white and yellow cowslips, and finished with two tall wings at the left side in the blackest of plumage, well relieved against the other tones of the confection.

It is to be admired how the plumes now upraise their tips upon many hats, instead of lying down and encircling the shapes, as was the more graceful style of last year. The ostrich-plume is most accommodating, and will either ramp or droop as desired—with the kind assistance of the manufacturer, be it understood. Some of the upstanding feathers are arranged quite at the back of the shape, but said shape is so tipped forward by a high cachepeigne that the feathers seem looking down a precipice to catch sight of the flowers that trim along the front brim. A "creation" of one of the great Paris milliners is a plateau of yellow Manilla straw, the front tipping well over the brow and quite flat, but both the sides caught up gradually higher till, at the exact back, the shape is turned sharply up; round the front is a full row of closely set yellow roses, and at the back three pink ostrich-tips appear, one ramping skywards, the next bent on to the crown, and the third falling over the back to mingle its ends with the deep row of yellow roses that covers the bandeau by which the whole is tipped up. Such crying contrasts of colour are abundantly offered. Three, or even four, bright tints will be seen on one hat; but when they are combined by Parisian taste, though startling at a glance, they are so essentially in harmony that, however daring, the result is possible to wear and the effect of the smartest, for a woman having the right degree of "style" to carry off such gay colouring.

Here is a hat, very big in the shape, but constructed entirely of white guipure lace, so not at all heavy; the plate-shape of it is disguised by its being tipped enormously over from left to right by a high bandeau covered with roses in the new fashionable yellow-ochre shade, mingled with magenta and deep violet roses; the brim is edged with a narrow line of yellow-ochre velvet; on the outside of the shape there is absolutely no trimming, but the crying tones of the roses under the brim are naturally seen through the interstices of the raised-up lace shape. This rather dreadful new shade of yellow ochre is seen in straw as



"LE DERNIER Cri" IN WHITE.

Several of the newest ideas are here expressed: the tunic fashion of the skirt, leaving a flat front; the deep point to the corsage, and the elbow sleeve with the turned-up gauntlet cuff. The material is white cloth, and the collar and cuffs are embroidered linen.

well as in trimmings. Ochre straw, shaded through a deeper tone of yellow to brown, makes a turban shape, which is trimmed with two feathers shaded from ochre to black, and finished by an upstanding knot and ends of mingled ochre and black ribbons. These descriptions sound, I expect, quite ugly, but nevertheless the real thing, arranged by the fingers and with the eye of a leading Paris milliner, are attractive, though a little bizarre. The shades of reddish purple, some reminding one of the bloom on a Victoria plum, others much deeper, seem little suited to the hot sun of summer, but are greatly used, roses so coloured being particularly employed.

A great success is the process that is called "mercerising," by which the surface of a foulard silk is given to cotton fabrics. I find vast piles of these lawns and prints are stocked by the great houses, and they will make excellent little morning gowns, if we have any hot weather. In the patterns that deliberately imitate foulards, especially where the ground is dark-blue or purple and the pattern a running or a floral design in white, well covering the ground, really it is most difficult to distinguish the cotton from a silk of considerably larger price and less easy to clean. Then another variety of warm weather frock will be made in the charming new delaines, which have the advantage of being manufactured from wool, and therefore are more hygienic wear in a changeable climate like our own than cotton can be, however pretty. The delaines are delightfully girlish materials; the dainty patterns, the spots, the circles, the little blossoms interspersed with pin spots or laid on a plain ground, the checks overlaid with running floral designs, they are really all exceedingly tasteful and pretty, and evoke visions of "a rosebud garden of girls." The colours are for the most part so soft and delicate in these delaines, and yet they are very various; sky-blue, pink, heliotrope, dark blue, eau-de-Nil, grey, brown—almost every colour in a soft shade is to be found in their designs, either as the relief on a plain white ground or as the ground-work on which a lighter spot can be set. Embroidered delaines, too, are a feature of the moment, and blouse-lengths so ornamented are plentifully forthcoming.

Spring cleaning so well pays one for its trouble that no "house-proud" woman grudges it; but common-sense tells us to find out the best cleansing materials to save labour and produce good results. "Globe" metal polish is one of the "stand-bys" of the household all the year round, and particularly precious at this moment, when everything is furbished up to meet the sun. It can be had in a liquid form as well as a paste, and the price is infinitesimal, so every house-cleaning ought to be assisted by its persuasive influence. The coachman should always use it for the harness, too.—FILOMENA.

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Is the only article which really affords nourishment to the hair, **prevents baldness**, greyness, preserves and **strengthens it for years**, and resembles the oily matter which nature provides for its preservation. Without it the hair becomes dry and weak. It feeds the hair, removes scurf and harshness, and produces a **strong and healthy growth**; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in **golden colour** for fair and golden hair. Internal medicines which produce nausea and irritation cannot possibly have the effect of preserving or beautifying the hair. Sizes—3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

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## ART NOTES.

London, this spring, is to lose the exhibition of the New English Art Club; and Liverpool is to gain what a large number of Metropolitan art-lovers grudgingly fear. Liverpool has shared with London in the past the honour of showing the public eye what is especially of the old documents of paint; and what the Pre-Raphaelites owed to Lancashire fifty years ago may find its counterpart to-day in the further achievement of the New English—Mr. Orpen, Mr. John, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Russell, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. McElroy, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Roy, &c. The rest, I suppose, are not quite so good, but of that there will be no doubt under review next week.

The Early British Masters to be seen at the Shepherd Gallery in King Street ought to tempt many visitors over and above the usual number of such immortal snow. The "Norwich Castle" and "Norwood Church, Osterley Park," of Cotman are characteristic specimens of the master's beautiful passion of sky. He has combined his own name on a tombstone in the Norwood churchyard; and the human interest attaching to anything freakish paradoxically secures for him auring immortality among the dead.

Turner's "Dawn" is succeeded by a golden study of the Petworth picture, the "Woodland Landscape," which is lower in tone than this richly glowing drawing in oil. Three small Turner water-colours revive memo-

ries of Ruskin, who once held them among his most treasured possessions. A fine drawing by Gainsborough, and one or two examples of Constable, do not exhaust the list of memorable exhibits; for three very early Romneys, alert and honest in themselves, have historical interest, and he is seen in his completeness in a later

portrait of a man in red, notable for the sure and slender curve of the brush charged with the colour of a lip.

At the Goupil Gallery the spring exhibition is, as usual, choice of invaluable colour and example. And as the finest lesson here is not only foreign but

novelty of aspect. It is more definite—the execution less elusive than in the Corot we know by heart yet always see with the surprise of admiration. There are positive passages of sky and twilight hill-side most interesting for their variety. Another new kind of Corot is the beautiful little high-daylight impression,

"The Tow-Horse." An example of the genius of M. Harpignies, which has every quality of style and distinction united to a touching tenderness, is the "Evening near the Woods"; and equally romantic, and equally impressionary, in the worthiest sense of the word, is the same veteran master's exquisite "Lake." M. Bousboom appears not only as the painter of church interiors, but as a fresh and original landscapist. There is a fine example of J. Maris, high, at any rate, in the second rank. Israel is represented by several important subjects, and Léon Lhermitte by an admirable drawing.

The Water-Colour Institute presents the customary show of contemporary work, amid which the landscapes of Mr. Leslie Thomson and Mr. Terrick Williams are conspicuous for their fine quality. By the former are a large marine, "Chichester Harbour," chiefly in beautiful shadow that veils a silvery sun, and "La Perrière, Normandy," in which a church on a height takes very delicate and beautiful sunlight against an airy sky. Mr. Terrick Williams has several interesting drawings, amongst which "The Church Door, Guingamp," is perhaps the best. Mr. G. Stratton Ferrier's "Sunset in the Scottish Lowlands" and "A Stormy Sunset at

Sea" are honest, and fresh and artistic. Mr. Dudley Hardy's interior "Consolation" has admirable quality. We have marked, also, the work of Miss Minna Bolingbroke, Mr. Winter Shaw, Mr. Peter Leslie, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Mr. T. Pyne, Mr. James Laing, Mr. Hans von Bartels, Mr. Baird, and Mr. Graham Petrie. W. M.



F KAISER AT NAPLES: THE INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES BETWEEN KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND WILLIAM II.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ABENIACAR.

Kaiser arrived at Naples on April 6, and exchanged from the "Hamburg" to the "Hohenzollern." There he was visited by King Victor Emmanuel. The above cards record the Emperor on board the Italian war-ship "Regina Margherita." The photograph shows the two Kings at the gateway of the Italian vessel.

of the past, we have to add, is surely that landscape painting of the English school comes now from a rather melancholy direction. "In the Woods," of Corot, has the air of the immaterial beauty of this school painter's best work, and "L'Approche du Village" is another small picture of the first order, though of some

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## MUSIC

It may be said without fear of contradiction that the London Symphony Orchestra has given distinction to the concert season. One eminent conductor after another has used this fine company as his tool for presenting the work of an acknowledged master.

Mr. Henschel held the baton, and gave the D major Symphony of Brahms without reference to the score.

Mr. Henschel's just and judicious interpretation we have heard. The composer is coming slowly to life again; his place in the musical calendar is assured.

Mr. Henschel has cleared away the last remaining doubts from many sober minds. The London Brahms has been established.

Mr. Henschel's interpretation is a liberal judgment. Though the seriousness of his thought and the beauty of its expression leave little room for lighter moods, he has given the work a certain breadth and variety. Miss Evangeline Anthony, Mr. Henschel seemed to realize, had almost the mood and temperament that dominate the Symphony, and though there may have been many in the audience whose inclination toward a more robust and rather coarser interpretation had been fostered by less intimate renderings of the work, we think that Mr. Henschel's must linger more pleasantly in the memory. Very refined and beautiful, too, was his rendering of the familiar Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde."

Miss Evangeline Anthony, who essayed the Max Bruch Concerto in G minor at this concert, is quite a

young violinist, and as Cousin Slender said, she has good gifts. Unfortunately, she turned them to the wrong account in choosing a piece that belongs to the virtuosi. Miss Anthony lacks the virtuosity that would enable her to stand up to the Max Bruch Concerto with the London Symphony orchestra behind

Dr. Walford Davies' cantata, "Everyman," given at the Queen's Hall by the Bach Choir under the composer's direction, was received last week with every mark of favour. This is as it should be. The choir sang remarkably well, and Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Gleeson White, Mr. Lane Wilson, and Mr. Gregory Hast, who shared the solos,

seemed to realize the significance of the work apart from its high musical value. Dr. Davies has entered into the spirit of the Middle Ages so surely, that the cantata seems to belong to the simple faith and simple thought; and, though much of the music is exceedingly clever, it never ceases to be simple and direct in its relation to the words sung. The special feature of the performance, to those who have heard it before in Leeds or London, was the introduction of an overture, a finely considered and restrained piece of music, but not, perhaps, altogether inevitable. The whole performance maintained a very high standard, and compelled attention to the artistic worth of the choir, which has now enjoyed nearly thirty years of useful life.

A useful little device to those roll film workers who prefer to develop their exposures separately instead of in the strip or in the Kodak developing machine, is to be found in the Kodak film cutting board. The spool of exposed film is supported on a wire carried at one end of the board and the film is threaded through a slot and unrolled until one of the numbers on the protecting black paper can be seen through a hole in the board corresponding to the red window in the back of the Kodak. The film is then cut with scissors at the edge of the board with the certainty that the separation has been made in the right place. The cutting-board is made to suit the film used in the various Kodaks at 1s. and 1s. 3d. each.



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her. We would not say that this is a serious loss, but it made her work ineffective on this occasion. Her tone quality was variable, the physical strain of the task imposed upon her was quite noticeable; she seemed to have inspired moments and to be unable to sustain them. In less exacting work her success might have been assured, for her ear is excellent and her technique quite good.

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The Catholic Hall at Likoma, the seat of the bishopric of Lake Nyasa is to be completed by the end of this year.

St. Paul's, Eaton Square, and the like, in the wealthy West London. "A nest of vipers" is indeed in one address. "Cretins, like a dog, in a pit of reality, and I beseech the world to a nation of Comfort." Christians, who can go to the Riviera in the spring and

Worthing, Midhurst, Pulborough, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

On April 15 the Great Northern Railway Company opened a new station at Letchworth for the convenience of residents and of visitors to the Garden City. Letchworth is situated in the centre of some 3,800 acres, acquired by the First Garden City, Limited. It is on the Hitchin and Cambridge branch of the Great Northern Railway, being two and a half miles from Hitchin and thirty-four and a half from King's Cross. Special season tickets, available for one, three, six, or twelve months, will be issued between King's Cross and Letchworth.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

EURIPIDES' "TROJAN WOMEN," AT THE COURT.  
Last week's notable Court revival of "The Trojan Women" suggested that the interest of this Euripidean tragedy was mainly one of character based



BOWL PRESENTED TO SIR HORACE MARSHALL.

On Thursday, April 13, Sir Horace Marshall was the recipient of a presentation bowl from the members of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation of London, of which he acted as chairman during 1904. The bowl is an oval solid silver jardinière, having finely modelled boy figures on each side holding festoons of fruit and flowers, and the arms of the City of London and of the recipient appear on either side. The work reflects great credit upon the designers and manufacturers, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W.

on a situation almost too painful for us moderns. The scene is the fall of Troy, the issue the inevitable fate attending the women of ancient sacked cities, the psychological problem the way in which four

differently constituted women would meet that fate. Here is the bereaved mother Hecuba: very epitome of grief vainly seeking the mystery of suffering. Here is Hector's model wife Andromache calmly accepting her destiny even to the murder of her young son. Here is the chaste prophetess Cassandra handed to Agamemnon's embraces and assured of her doom. Here, lastly, is Helen fascinating her husband Menelaus afresh by mere calm expectancy of homage and escaping all Hecuba's cries of vengeance. The drama is wholly static, yet Euripides the feminist makes up for the almost intolerable sadness of his catastrophe by the beauty of his rhetoric and his choral dirges, which in Professor Gilbert Murray's scholarly and fervent translation often emulate Swinburnian rhythms. Of necessity, a certain melancholy monotony was bound to mark the interpretation of a tragedy in which there is so little external incident; but the rendering at the Court was full of dignity and was always rhetorically effective. Perhaps Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison and Miss Edyth Olive shared the acting honours in their pathetic impersonations of Andromache and Cassandra respectively; but Miss Marie Bremar made a very strenuous Hecuba, and Miss Gertrude Kingston's Helen atoned in gracefulness of diction.

Good, too, was the kindly herald Talthybius of Mr. James Hearn, while Miss Florence Farr as Choragus seemed to have coached her companions of the chorus with meticulous care.

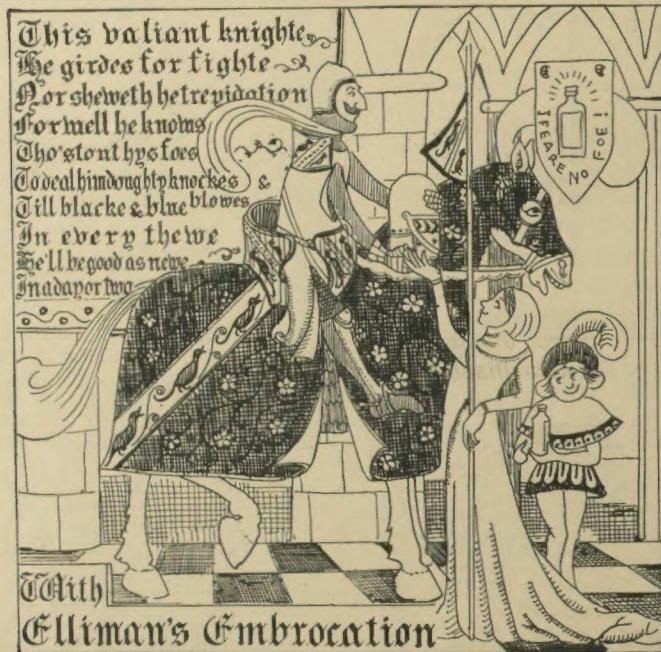
"The Newspaper Press Directory and Advertiser's Guide," which, with its latest issue by Messrs. C. Mitchell and Co., attains its diamond jubilee, is one of the most complete press guides issued. Although in every way enlarged and improved, it remains at the price of two shillings.



Photo. Agent Archer.

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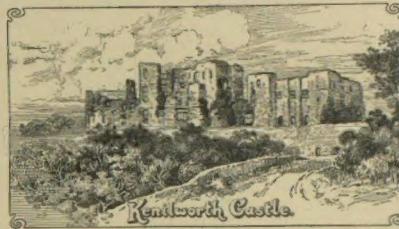
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of MR. HENRY WILLETT, of Arnold House, Montpellier Terrace, Brighton, and of the West Street Brewery, who died on Feb. 24, has been proved by Edgar William Willett and Percy Arnold Willett, the sons, and Russell Belfast Reid, the value of the real and personal estate being £213,954. The testator, after disposing of debentures and shares in the brewery, and of other property, in favour of his wife and children and grandchildren, bequeaths £500 to Arthur F. Griffith; £200 each to Reginald James Catt and Charles Smith; £200 each to his executors, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his wife, his two sons, and his two daughters, Mrs. Edith Elizabeth Johnson and Mrs. Margaret Laura Reid.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1904) of MR. THOMAS BETT, of Down Place, Guildford, and 4, Fenchurch Avenue, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Marion Crawford Bett, the widow, and Thomas Charles Bett and Edward Bett, the sons, the value of the property being sworn at £84,430. The testator gives £500, and £400 per annum, in addition to £250 a year secured to her by settlement, to his wife; £150 per annum to his son, James Murray, during the life

of his mother; £1333 to the trustees of his marriage settlement; £100 to the Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he leaves, as to two tenths each, to his sons, Thomas Charles, Edward Baxter, Henry Crawford, and William Edward, and one tenth each to his two daughters.

The will (dated June 23, 1902) of COLONEL LANCELOT ALLGOOD GREGSON, of Burdon, near Sunderland, who died on Jan. 27, has been proved by Mrs. Sophia Jane Beauchamp Gregson, the widow, and Miss Sophie Isabella Gregson, the daughter, the value of the estate being £82,567. The testator gives £1000 and the household furniture to his wife, and he charges the settled family property with the payment of £400 per annum to her; and £5000 to his niece, Rachel Gregson. All other his property he leaves in trust for his wife for life and then for his daughter.

The will (dated July 4, 1904) of MR. JONATHAN COLLEY, of Sparkin Hill, Worksop, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Mary Colley, the widow, Leonard Edward Colley, the son, and Thomas Walter Hall, the value of the property being £81,240. The testator bequeaths £100, the household furniture, and an annuity of £600 to his wife; £1000 each to his sons,

Leonard Edward and Francis Oswald; and £4000, in trust, for each of his daughters, Mary Beatrice Jane and Amy Louisa. During the life of Mrs. Colley the income from the remainder of his property is to be paid to his four children, and on her decease he gives £3000 each to his daughters, and the ultimate residue to his two sons.

The will (made on Nov. 12, 1896) of COLONEL ARTHUR HERBERT CASS, of 9, Heene Terrace, Worthing, and formerly of 45, Dover Street, Piccadilly, whose death took place on Jan. 22, was proved on March 29 by the Rev. Frederick Charles Guise Cass, the nephew, and Miss Gertrude Margaret Carew Cass, the niece, the value of the property being £63,761. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his executors; £500 each to the Rev. Charles William Cass, Colonel William V. Gregory, Charles Herbert Davis Cass, and Arthur H. Du Pré Cass; £1000 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; and small legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves between his nephews and nieces, Frederick Charles Guise Cass, Gertrude Margaret Carew Cass, Charles Herbert Davis Cass, Constance Mary Gregory, Lillian Maud Lawford, Mary Adeline Lloyd, Edith Caroline Heyman, Claude William Cully Cass, and Arthur H. Du Pré Cass.

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